

The SIGN



National Catholic Magazine



Fifty Years of Social Justice

John P. Boland

Second Line of American Defense

Charles Morrow Wilson

The Quins and the Faith

William Barker

Bridge Crosses the Hondo

J. B. Russell

Revising the New Testament

Richard Kugelman, C.P.

May 1941

Price 20c

*Ever see a dollar
with wings?*



MONEY is neither good nor bad. So we hardly expect a dollar to have either wings or horns! But there does seem something blessed about the dollar that starts the long journey from a willing hand here to a waiting missionary in China.

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Personal MENTION



Rev. Richard Kugelman, C.P.

• **FATHER RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.**, was born in West Hoboken, N. J., on November 9, 1908. He attended St. Michael's parochial school, and entered the Passionist novitiate in 1927. After his ordination in 1934, he was assigned to Rome for higher studies. His doctorate in Theology is from the Dominican "Institutum Angelicum." In 1936 he entered the Pontifical Biblical

Institute, obtaining the Licentiate in Sacred Scripture in 1938. After traveling throughout the Holy Land, Father Richard returned to America where he has been engaged as a professor of New Testament Exegesis.

His article on *Revising the New Testament* sketches the historical background of many important editions, and explains the circumstances which gave rise to the present monumental work.

• **MORE AND MORE** attention will be directed toward the *Second Line of American Defense*—the fertile earth of Central and South America. **CHARLES MORROW WILSON**, farm-raised in Arkansas, has been a reporter for several newspapers including the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New York Times*.

He studied agriculture at the University of Arkansas and at Christ Church College, Oxford. As contributor or staffwriter, Wilson has written for the farm magazines, *Country Gentleman* and *Country Home* as well as for *Wallace's Farmer*.

Besides farm magazine

writing he has reported extensively upon farm subjects for various magazines including *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Atlantic*. Among his books are *Country Living*, *Roots of America*, *Backwoods America*, and *Central America*.

Since 1937 Wilson has been studying Latin American agriculture from Cuba into South America, in ten

American republics. He is 36 years old, married, father of a sixteen months old son, and while in the United States spends most of his time on a farm near Putney, Vermont.

• **YOU HAVE READ** so much about them from other angles that you will be especially pleased to learn of the famous *Quints and the Faith*.

LILLIAN BARKER, author of the forthcoming volume, *The Quints Have a Family*, is a novelist, former Washington reporter, and foreign correspondent. The only writer ever to be the farm-house guest of the "Quints" family, she has covered twenty-four Dionne assignments, including the presentation of parents and quintuplets to the King and Queen of England in Toronto in May, 1939. Confidante of the Dionnes, she is their official biographer. A native Georgian and graduate of St. Joseph's Convent at Washington, Georgia, Miss Barker also studied at the Sorbonne in Paris.



Lillian Barker



Charles Morrow Wilson

EDITORIAL

The Cause of Social Justice



THE light of idealism, the prize of freedom, or the lure of conquest are vivid to the soldiers who shoulder arms in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Yet the more enlightened among them know that shells and tanks are not going to settle all the problems which irritated and goaded the nations into this fast-spreading conflict.

Whether they dive in bombers, bounce along in tanks, sweat in factories, or run to shelter in raided cities, the men and women of the involved countries know that economic abuses are not the least of the causes of this struggle. Even in the face of open combat, these same men and women are asking themselves and each other whether tomorrow's world will witness the end of these abuses.

Two predecessors of the present Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI, struck vigorously at the social ills of mankind, and pointed wisely the way to peace and justice. We commemorate this month the fiftieth anniversary of that remarkable encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, and the tenth of *Quadragesimo Anno*.

This is a peculiar anniversary. It is not a time of unrestrained rejoicing over a completed task, nor of sad remembrance of a lost cause. Much has been accomplished because of the penetrating analyses of the world's social ills by those two unworldly churchmen. But very much more remains to be done. The present moment is one in which to review the principles and suggestions made in these two Letters to all men, a moment in which to re-dedicate ourselves to the cause the Popes have championed.

The earthly paradise pictured by some reformers is one in which we are asked to view only the fruits of the soil and of the labor of man. Conjured for us are visions of plenty—food, drink, clothing, leisure. We hear the hum of giant turbines, toiling for man's convenience, and the soothing symphony of music invoked for his pleasure.

Dreamers of this Utopia are not satisfying in their explanations of how we are to reach this happy state. Nor are they eager to reveal the truth of ghastly mistakes that have indelibly stained the efforts of social

reformers who put religion and morality out of their program for economic betterment.

Equally guilty of creating a propertyless proletariat have been the economic imperialists and the totalitarian dictators. One system gave to a selfish few—a stupid, shortsighted few—the power to hold production for their own unlimited enrichment. The other system gave the same power to the glorified State. Both systems ignored the true nature of man, the final purpose of his being on earth, and the relation of the economic order to the whole scheme of this life.

Those who in theory clamor that man is supreme, in practice belittle him. They would have him bow down to a bank or to a bund. They make him the slave of a salary or of a State. Because they will not recognize his soul, they do not do justice even to his body.

MAGNIFICENT is the picture the Popes draw of man's dignity. He rises above his skyscrapers, and is more deeply rooted than his mines. The earth and the fullness thereof is for him. The rains fall, the sun shines, the harvests ripen that man may live.

But as social beings, men are to use these good things for their neighbors as well as for themselves. On each individual rests the obligation of practicing social justice. Machines are not bad nor is business immoral. It is the laborer at the machine or the executive behind the desk who is good or bad.

We are deluding ourselves if we lose sight of this fundamental truth—that no economic order and no social experiment can of itself produce social justice. Social justice can come only from the individuals who plan an order or try an experiment. This seems almost too simple to mention. But it has been surprisingly overlooked. Observance of it would advance us on the road mapped out by the far-sighted Popes, Leo XIII and Pius XI.

Father Theophane Maguire S.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THE Soviet-Japanese Pact has created the same bewilderment and confusion in certain quarters that were caused by the Nazi-Soviet Pact. There are still many who

Lenin and Soviet Foreign Policy

cannot exercise enough plain common sense or muster sufficient courage to write the Russians off the books as an asset to the democracies. At

the time of writing, there are continued evidences that our government is going to continue following in the footsteps of the British in attempting to appease the Bolsheviks. The Soviets realize how tempting to some British and American officials is the hint carefully thrown out occasionally that the Soviet Union can be induced for certain considerations to act as a brake on German and Japanese expansion. As a matter of fact there is nothing that either Britain or the United States can do that will in the least change the course of Soviet diplomacy.

Soviet foreign policy, in spite of all its apparent vagaries, stems from certain definite principles formulated and put into effect by Lenin. These principles have been followed with fidelity since the inception of the Soviet regime in 1917. To Lenin all wars prior to the World War were "nationalist" wars. The World War was the first "imperialist" war, that is, a war of one group of capitalist nations against another, not for nationalist liberation but for colonies, raw materials, markets, and economic advantages. Lenin condemned both the Allies and Germany as imperialist powers. He opposed Allied help to Russia because to him the defeat of Russia was preferable to a victory which would have strengthened Czarism and weakened the revolutionary forces.

According to Lenin an imperialist war is not altogether evil. The only thing good about it is that it offers revolutionists an opportunity to turn it into a civil war. Lenin believed that the bitterness, poverty, misery, and disillusion following a long war would lead soldiers and workmen to rebel against their governments and, under the direction of Communist leaders, ready and waiting to act at the opportune moment to set up a Soviet regime.

Lenin's theory worked perfectly in Russia. The civil war which followed the World War in Russia ended with the Communists in complete control. They then turned their attention to other countries and maneuvered Communist risings in Germany, Hungary, Estonia, and Bulgaria, but with no lasting success. During the entire post-war period they worked feverishly to provoke social unrest, or to take advantage of troubled situations already existing, in order to incite to civil war. Communist efforts in Germany and Italy helped the rise of Fascism and Nazism as opposition

groups. Their efforts to provoke civil war in Spain were successful—but they lost the war. At the present time it is reliably reported that Soviet agents, anticipating a complete breakdown in Italy, are busy in the great Italian industrial centers spreading anti-Fascist and defeatist propaganda, while they prepare the way for a Communist revolt.

WHILE Communist attempts to set up Soviet regimes in various countries failed, the Communists did not by any means relax their efforts. Capitalist society had not

The Second "Imperialist" War

been sufficiently weakened by the World War to collapse of its own weight or to be overthrown by Communist-inspired uprisings. In fact the Communist efforts—especially in certain countries—had aroused considerable hostility toward Communism and its homeland, Soviet Russia.

The Reds did not, however, give up hope. Lenin had foretold that the destruction of capitalism might require another, perhaps a whole series, of imperialist wars, so they looked forward hopefully to further imperialist conflicts to come. They almost succeeded in precipitating such a conflict in Spain as a result of the civil war there. For a while it looked as if Spanish soil would become the battleground for all the great armies of Europe. Their effort was doomed to failure.

The longed for opportunity came to them, however, in 1939 in the form of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. This Pact was a go-ahead signal for war in the west as it freed the Germans from the fear of having to fight on two fronts. Germany invaded Poland and in a few days the Reds saw their hopes fulfilled in the outbreak of what they consider to be the second great imperialist war.

The policy of the Soviet Union at present is to maintain its own neutrality while the capitalist nations tear one another apart. The Communists hope that the combatants will become so exhausted by war that they will fall an easy prey to Communism either through direct military action by the Soviet Union, which is preserving and increasing its strength for this purpose, or through uprisings of the proletariat in capitalist countries under the direction of Red leaders. They hope to be ready to use both means.

The Nazi-Soviet Pact has been greatly misunderstood. Many consider it to be a bona fide pact of friendship and understanding between two revolutionary regimes that have much in common. Nazism and Communism have, indeed, a good deal in common, but the signing of the Pact was no more than a maneuver on the part of the Reds. They consider Nazism to be a form of capitalism in its final stages of decay. As a result they lump together Britain and Germany in this war as in

the World War as capitalist countries and therefore natural enemies of Soviet Russia. Lenin taught that great as are the conflicts between capitalist countries, the fundamental contradiction in the modern world is between capitalism and Communism. One of these systems, according to Lenin, must finally triumph. These are still the views of the rulers in the Kremlin. In an address at the Red Army Political Academy, Mikhail Kalinin, President of the Supreme Council of the Soviet Union declared: "We are a besieged fortress. It is true this fortress is a huge one—one-sixth of the earth. But the remaining five-sixths are our principal and irreconcilable enemies."

SOVIET policy in the Far East has been similar to that in the West. There too Soviet Russia has been on the scene playing a devious game of Communist conspiracy

Soviet Russia in the Far East

in an attempt to provoke and spread "imperialist" war. Soviet policy since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war has been to strengthen the Chinese in the struggle by assisting them with supplies and munitions. This they have done not only out of a desire to consolidate their influence in China but because of fear of the military power of the Japanese. Now, with the collapse of France and the Netherlands, and with England engaged in a life-and-death struggle in Europe, Japan sees her opportunity to expand southward and to acquire the rich Dutch, French, and perhaps even, English possessions in the Far East. She dared not take a step in this direction, however, until she had some assurance that Russia would not take advantage of her involvement to attack her through the territories she now holds in China and Manchuria.

Now Russia has given her that assurance in the Soviet-Japanese Pact. The Soviets hope that as a result of this Pact, Japan will move southward and come into collision with the United States. This would be a consummation devoutly to be wished by the Bolsheviks—if they wish anything "devoutly." It would extend the second "imperialist" war to the United States, the only great country that has not been involved in the present wars going on in Europe and Asia. Other countries would probably be drawn into the conflict. The civilized world would be deluged in blood and brought to the brink of ruin. Soviet Russia alone would remain at peace, preserving her strength for the vulture task that would await her.

We hope that our State Department will give up any lingering hope that it may still be cherishing that Soviet Russia can be appeased into acting as a check on Japanese expansionist policies.

THEY are at it again, the unctious sappers of civilization. Under the title of the National Committee for Planned Parenthood, a group is publicly advertising

The Poison of Planned Parenthood

for funds to support its campaign to prevent life. Like a recurring blight the appeal spreads itself across the land. Newspaper reports of re-

self-reliant race is the real hope of democracy, the appeal fits into the mood of the hour. But if that description of physical assets means anything, the vigorous, healthy, self-reliant Germans should be as fine a timber for democracy as there is in the world!

The reasoning of the birth controllers, of course, was not meant to be dissected. Who of us would not like to see our people vigorous and healthy? But who of us is so dumb as to believe that the lungs and the biceps, rather than the mind and the heart are the chief supports of democracy? Babies are not selected in advance for size, health, and weight, as one might select a horse or cow at the county fair. Can any birth controller, any member of the Planned Parenthood League, give a guarantee that his or her child will not be crippled, tubercular, mentally deficient, or a future problem-child?

Yet this Committee would play on the sympathy and fears of the nation by quoting statistics of unfortunate children, and by drawing the wholly unwarranted conclusion that the practice of birth control will eliminate most of these problems. Shame on this dishonest, pagan, mawkish appeal! It holds up the flag before it to conceal the murderer's knife. It prates of liberty, and plans to put the parents of this country in the bonds of slavery to a few filthy producers of contraceptives. It publishes pictures of smiling mothers, and plots the poisoning of love and life itself. Against such planners as strongly as against any subversive agents, should vigorous action be taken without delay.

THREE years ago when a similar campaign was under way, we devoted considerable space to comment on the tactics of birth controllers. Prominent among the

A Vicious and Dishonest Campaign

articles of that particular issue was one on birth control legislation in Puerto Rico by the Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne. We were amazed to learn that one of the large Catholic high schools in the East banned that issue of THE SIGN, with the observation that the subject was not a proper one for students to read! Yet then, as now, large advertisements in the daily press offered to send free information on child spacing or abortion. Of course the subject is a nasty one. But Catholic educators and Catholic parents must face the fact that the promoters of Planned Parenthood have no scruples about publicizing their appeal.

Religion and patriotism both demand that we do everything possible to stop those other abuses on which the pleaders for birth control fatten: costly fees from hospitals and doctors for poor parents, low wages, high rentals, improper housing conditions, and social insecurity. These are not reasons, but they are oft-quoted excuses for the limitation of families.

Almost any priest engaged in parish duties can bear witness to the heroic virtue practiced by some of our Catholic parents. Faced with the burden of supporting and educating a family, these unsung couples have cultivated a spirit of faith and sacrifice which brings them through all difficulties. Only the combination of positive Christian virtues and of continuing action in the cause of social justice will be effective against the campaigners of selfishness.

Meantime, our businessmen, our farmers, our school teachers, could speak up to refute the false appeal of the birth controllers. The slogan in a recent commercial magazine is true: "Business Follows the Baby." The fact is that the birth rate in this country is decreasing. Loaded shelves of unsold goods, harvests that have no buyers, empty classrooms, will eventually bring problems which the Planned Parenthood Leaguers cannot solve. To quote their own language against them, this drive of the birth controllers "measured by any standard you choose—sentiment, patriotism, humanity, or merely money, this senseless, cruel waste of human values—our *real* national strength—is vicious and criminal in a society which calls itself civilized."

ALL who heard or read Pope Pius XII's Easter broadcast to the world must have realized how profoundly moved was the Shepherd of Christendom. Like a father,

Resurrection for the Nations

he expressed impartial pity for all his suffering children, pleaded with all for humanness, and urged them without distinction to pray and

work for peace. That appeal came from his heart.

There is, in some quarters, the feeling that to speak of peace is to be like a man who plans his future home while his present one is burning. Such people are not of one mind with the Pope. He begs for an early peace, a universal peace. Even when he knows, as does every one, that the boundaries of war are enlarged, that new nations are stunned by the impact of battle, he speaks of the future.

Perhaps the very reason the world is not blessed with a lasting peace is because so many people believe that peace just happens. Years are spent in arming and planning for war, but the elements of peace are supposed to be assembled in weeks or months. No, peace needs careful planning. The ingenuity and patience, the organization and genius of the best minds in all countries should be hard at work now. They do not know how the war will end or when or where. They do not know what new developments it may take. But just as they plot the course of their armies and navies to meet any emergency, so should they map their peace program to fit into the circumstances of the future.

There is no better guide to such a program than the pattern for peace which the Pope has designed—truth, fraternal solidarity, social justice, moral sincerity. A fraction of the time, money, and energy now devoted to war would yield immeasurably more happy returns if turned to the task of resurrecting the nations on whom the shadow of death has fallen.

THE "bus bill" which would permit pupils in parochial schools of the State of New Jersey to ride in free public school buses was passed recently in the State

The Jersey "Bus Bill"

Senate by a vote of eighteen to one. The bill was introduced by Senate President Scott, a Protestant, and was endorsed by Protestants, Jews, and Catholics. When it reached the Assembly, it was sidetracked to the openly hostile Committee on Education by Speaker Roscoe P. McClave, who had

killed a similar measure last year by sending it to the Judiciary Committee. At the time of writing, excuses are being made and devious parliamentary tactics employed in an effort to prevent bringing the bill to the floor of the Assembly for discussion and vote. The Most Reverend Thomas J. Walsh, Archbishop of Newark, has been active in working for the passage of the bill, and because of his efforts petitions containing over 400,000 signatures—from Protestants, Jews, and Catholics—have been sent to the Assembly.

Senator Arthur F. Foran stated the case for the bill when in reporting it to the Senate, he declared: "These buses are run with taxes toward which the parents of parochial school pupils contribute. These parents not only pay taxes to maintain the public schools and to operate the public school buses, but they also pay toward maintaining parochial schools. We, as a Legislature, would do a smart, a proper, and a patriotic thing to pass this bill. It would be a fine way to exemplify the spirit of tolerance and fair play."

It would be too bad in these days when tolerance and good will and unity are so much needed if the Assembly of the State of New Jersey should permit a few individuals to raise the specter of religious bigotry in an effort to block an obviously just measure.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the opening of a permanent Institute of Catholic Social Studies at the Summer School of the Catholic University in Washington.

Institute of Catholic Social Studies

Its purpose is to provide an opportunity to American Catholics to make a thorough study of the social principles of the Church. The program is based on the great social encyclicals of recent popes, which provide the background and principles for a practical study of modern economic, social, and political problems. It is not the purpose of the Institute to train research economists or political scientists, but rather to prepare Catholic leaders who will be able to put into practical effect in our present-day American life the social doctrines of the Catholic Church.

There has long been a crying need for just such a training school, and we welcome most heartily the good news of its foundation. It is a happy coincidence that this Institute is being inaugurated in the fiftieth anniversary year of *Rerum Novarum* and the tenth of *Quadragesimo Anno*. The Institute will be a most effective means of spreading a knowledge of the doctrines contained in these great Catholic social documents.

A group of distinguished Catholic sociologists will form the faculty of the Institute. Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., Ph.D., Professor of Economics at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, well-known for his frequent and important contributions to the pages of THE SIGN, will act as Director of the Institute. Dr. Cronin's profound theoretical knowledge and practical experience augur well for the success of the Institute.

The complete program of the Institute is normally covered in three years. A course in fundamentals, however, can be completed in one year. Those who are interested can obtain information by writing to the Director of the Summer Session, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Committee on Cultural Relations With Ibero-America

AS ANNOUNCED in the April issue of THE SIGN, members of the Executive Council of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Ibero-America are now being selected. These members will constitute *ex officio* part of the Inter-American Panel to vote annually on "The Sign Las Americas Awards." While the Panel is not yet complete, particularly as regards the list of members from Central and South America, we believe our readers will be interested in learning of those who have thus far graciously accepted membership.

We are deeply indebted both to the members of the Panel and to the members of the hierarchy who have

lent their generous encouragement to this project.

This movement to strengthen spiritual contacts between the peoples of the Americas will interest scholars, educators, students, and other persons whose record has qualified them to present authentic information on the inter-American scene. This spiritual and cultural approach can become the spearhead of a larger movement ultimately reaching every section of the professional, artistic, industrial, and agricultural workers of the Americas. The Papal program of social reconstruction will naturally be kept well in the forefront of this movement.

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 Neil McNeil, Assistant Editor, *New York Times*

Enrique Naranjo, Boston, Mass.
 Very Rev. Joseph M. Noonan, C.M., President, Niagara University
 Rev. John O'Brien, Ph.D., Notre Dame University
 Rev. John O'Connor, *The Evangelist*
 Very Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., President, Notre Dame University
 Rev. Joseph M. O'Leary, C.P., Chicago, Ill.
 F. Gordon O'Neill, *The Monitor*
 Dr. Z. Barney Phillips, Chaplain, United States Senate
 Rev. Brother Peter, President, St. Stanislaus College
 Very Rev. Thomas Plassmann, O.F.M., President, St. Bonaventure's Seminary
 Dr. Richard J. Purcell, Catholic University
 Hon. Richard Reid, K.S.G., *The Catholic News*, New York
 Charles H. Ridder, Publisher, *The Catholic News*, New York
 Senor D. Pablo Martinez del Rio, Director, National University of Mexico
 Very Rev. Leo J. Robinson, S.J., President, Gonzaga College
 Louis S. Rosenthal, Vice-President, Chase National Bank, New York
 Very Rev. P. A. Roy, S.J., President, Loyola University, New Orleans
 Patrick F. Scanlan, *The Tablet*, Brooklyn
 Rev. Dr. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Catholic University
 Emmett J. Scott, Washington, D. C.
 Rev. John Sheehy, Wilmington, Del.
 Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, Catholic University
 Rt. Rev. John L. Sheridan, President, Mount St. Mary's College
 George Shuster, President, Hunter College
 Rt. Rev. Msgr. Matthew Smith, *Denver Register*
 Rev. Edward V. Stanford, O.S.A., President, Villanova College
 Dr. Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M., Catholic University
 Roger W. Straus, New York
 Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J., Editor, *America*
 Maceo A. Thomas, President, Catholic Laymen's Union, New York
 Rev. Augustine Waldner, S.J., President, Montezuma Seminary
 Rev. Herbert O'H. Walker, S.J., *Queen's Work*
 Rev. Edward J. Walsh, C.M., President, St. John's University
 Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter Wynhoven, President, Catholic Press Association

THE SEMINAR TO SOUTH AMERICA

Reservations are still available for those who wish to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the FIRST CATHOLIC SEMINAR TO PERU—under the sponsorship of THE SIGN. As indicated last month, this Seminar will be directed by Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Thorning and Rev. Dr. John A. Weidinger of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md. The program, as announced, will be co-ordinated with the Summer Session of the University of San Marcos, Lima, Peru.

Information on sailing dates, itinerary, costs, and courses will gladly be supplied by THE SIGN. We advise that early arrangements be made.

FIFTY YEARS OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

By JOHN P. BOLAND



Pope Leo XIII, author of "*Rerum Novarum*"

WE CANNOT compress into one manuscript all the comment of fifty years on Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*. It would be just as idle to think of surveying completely the world's opinions about Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*, despite its comparative newness.

Certain it is, if we are to believe Count DeMun, a contemporary of the first Pontiff, that in 1891, and thereafter, the working classes learned from their pulpits and in their debating clubs, which differed little from our current study clubs and labor schools, that the Pope sympathized with them in their struggles for better conditions, warmly advocated the formation of workingmen's associations, and condemned as heatedly as they the injustices of the

industrial system. It may readily be admitted that they were both surprised and encouraged. He tells us of fervent prayers of thanksgiving aroused by the Encyclical in the hearts of all. "Ideas that until yesterday had been stigmatized as subversive and pernicious are today sanctioned by the highest authority in the world. Imagine the excitement among workers . . . as they see how he stretches out his hand, like a father, to bless them."

Charles Devas, who wrote *Political Economy* for the Stonyhurst series, is also the author of a study on the influence exerted by Leo on his time. It is an exhaustive listing of the benefits derived by employers and their employees in England, Belgium, Germany, France and Northern Italy, from the practical application of the Church's labor philosophy to the problems facing them. Frequently enough, the Leonine background was not known and, if known, it was not openly recognized. The Holy Father himself was insistent on giving his teachings an ever-widening audience. For no other reason did he exhort the Franciscans, who were close to the people, to carry the message that it is the workingman "upon whom the welfare of the State chiefly depends."

In 1901, he issued an encyclical, called from its

opening words, *Graves de Communi*, in which he protested once more that no problem is purely economic, "The precise opposite is the truth, that it is, first of all, moral and religious and for that reason its solution is to be expected mainly from the moral law and the pronouncements of religion." He was ninety years old when he commanded the clergy, in a special address, "to go among the people and work for their welfare." If the workers will but "throw their mighty will into the scale of world events" a new, transformed society will spring up, one that "will count it an honor to bend its knee before God." About the same time, he startled the bishops of France by his ringing command, "Go to the workers! Go to the poor!"

It is hardly necessary to tell that among the aggressive Catholics of Germany, where Archbishop Von Ketteler of Mainz had for decades taught with disarming boldness the rights of men who are employed, the Church's adamant stand on wages and unions and against the impotent Socialist solution of the "riddle of the day" was acclaimed and expounded. In England and particularly in the capital of the Empire, Cardinal Manning lectured on its constructive implications for an underpaid race of dockworkers and countinghouse clerks until his wealthy opponents showered on him the fullest measure of invective.



Pope Pius XI, author of "*Quadragesimo Anno*"

Don Luigi Sturzo told me one night in Brooklyn of the high hopes of his little band of enthusiasts when, in the early years of this century, they began the task of acquainting first Sicily, then Southern Italy, and later all of the realm of the House of Savoy with the Papal answers to the problems of living happily here as well as hereafter. Now in the twilight of his life, he points with pride to the fact that these hopes were richly though but partially fulfilled, just before the march on Rome. What might have been, had his labors not been interrupted, no man can ever know.

In our own land, Cardinal Gibbons, before *Rerum Novarum*, befriended the Knights of Labor, defending them at a time when their enemies had reached the very throne of Peter with their suggestion that the Order and all its lodges be closed to Catholics. The Cardinal's task was not an easy one. Just before the Knights were absorbed by the new American Federation of Labor during the late dreadful eighties of the last century, "A frenzied hatred of labor for capital was shown in every important strike . . . Wherever the leaders undertook to hold it within bounds they were generally discarded by their followers and others who would lead as directed were placed in charge." The quotation is from Commons.

The workers, most of whom were Catholics, were far more militant than are our modern strikers, if we keep in mind that violence was their accepted technique. The first Labor Day, for instance, was marked by nation-wide stoppages of work as part of the general demonstration for an eight-hour day. General Sherman, when he was Chief of Staff of the Army, stated openly, "There will soon come an armed contest between Capital and Labor. They will oppose each other not with words and arguments and ballots, but with shot and shell, gunpowder and cannon. The better classes are tired of the insane howlings of the lower strata and they mean to stop them."

It just happens that the General was not a prophet. We have not had the predicted war between workers and management. We are using more and more the device of ballots in shop elections to determine the legally acceptable bargaining agent. Furthermore, the file rooms of our

Labor Relations Boards are literally bursting with records of litigation between employers and their employees, battles of "words and arguments" that are outmoding the direct methods of those grim days. We are making progress, slow, of course, but encouraging. To what extent Leo XIII and Pius XI have contributed to today's preference for conciliation can only be determined after a complete catalog of American followers of their doctrines is made, a list that must also include the many laymen and clergymen doing public or private mediation or arbitration work in every state of the Union.

Cardinal Gibbons, without our advantage of knowing the results of his intermediary action, was obviously motivated by the same consideration which prompted Cardinal Mundelein to speak on a parallel matter five and one-half decades later. To a Holy Name group he declared that the Church is unqualifiedly interested in employer-employee relationships since workingmen form so large



A fundamental papal social doctrine is that which demands a living wage for the worker

a proportion of her total membership and because her buildings are constructed by them, her pews are filled by them, and her priests are their sons. His repetition of Leo's injunction to go to the worker has had some notable effects, not the least of these being the muzzling of Communist critics who, everywhere but here, hazard the unfounded slander that the Church is on the side of the moneyed interests.

In the nineties, when the infant

competitor of the Knights of Labor, (and I refer again of course to the American Federation of Labor, grown powerful because of insistence on the principle of craft organization), established itself as the enemy of subversive economic teachings and practices, its neutral and interdenominational character made participation in its program by Catholic labor leaders and workingmen not only permissive but praiseworthy. As far back as the writer can remember, Buffalo locals of grain shovelers, railroad men, iron workers, cigarmakers, carpenters, plumbers, and steamfitters, to mention a few of the unions that competed each year for Labor Day parade prizes, were largely made up of practical, very practical Catholic men. Their officials were Catholics. That is equally true today. There were no ecclesiastical restrictions on membership. When the 1897 waterfront strike was settled, all credit for the superb job of mediation was given to the Bishop of Buffalo.

Within the next five years the same able prelate, who had studied at Propaganda College in Rome when Leo was condemning world socialism, was called upon to combat socialistic boring into the accepted unions of the city's great East Side. He was so successful in bringing out the ardent co-operation of his priests and in routing the invaders, that his promotion by Rome to the Metropolitan See of Chicago has ever since been popularly attributed to the Church's desire for similar service there. Archbishop Quigley was only one of the many members of the American hierarchy whose tacit approval of American interconfessional trade unions stemmed directly out of *Rerum Novarum*.

Perhaps thus we may explain that here no stable and concerted effort has ever been made to form Catholic unions. It would appear that in the opinion of our Bishops, circumstances rendered membership in the existing unions necessary, and that there was "no danger to religion." There now remains the task of inspiring the formation of Catholic associations that will aim at giving trade union members a "thorough religious and moral training." The unhealthy and unwelcome intrusion of Communist leadership into the labor movement since 1917 makes such associations compulsory.

Let no one at this juncture reach the gratuitous conclusion that the social encyclicals of the half-century period, ending on May 15 of this year, were received favorably by all nations or by all Catholics. Pius XI summarized the available findings in his preamble to *Quadragesimo Anno*. There was genuine admiration, he says, and profound sympathy in widely separated groups. But, "some minds were not a little disturbed, with the result that the noble and exalted teaching of Leo XIII, quite novel to worldly ears, was looked upon with suspicion by some, even amongst Catholics, and gave offense to others." Indeed, one of his two reasons for supplementing Leo's Encyclical was the fact that "doubts have arisen concerning the correct interpretation of certain" of its passages "and these doubts have led to controversies even among Catholics, not always of a peaceful character." We are ready to believe that at the base of some of the controversies to which he alludes were slandering greed and lack of a sense of justice.

To say that *Quadragesimo Anno*, in the brief period of ten years since its promulgation, has spurred the universal Church on to a new dedication of her far-flung energies to the ideal of a reconstructed Christian order is to be wastefully repetitious. It has been said a thousand times in Salazar's Portugal and Contreras' Venezuela. You have heard it over and over again in the reports about Eire's new Constitution, based on the Christian family, a classic example of conformity with the Pope's social teachings. Quebec and Pétain's France, Belgium before the invasion and Brazil, Spain and our own United States are a part of the chorus.

If you tell me that the voices of some of these are feeble and of others a trifle cracked, I can only answer that the leaven of the Church's social philosophy is working and that it is being applied. We still have our hope that the Pope's schedule of occupational organization for all industries, adopted from below and not imposed from above by government, may prevail.

Perhaps a brief examination of our own government's labor policies since June 1933 may show to what extent we in America have kept in mind the terms of Pius XI's reasser-

tion of Leo's principles. Many of us feel that the well-received Bishop's Program of twenty years ago and the subsequent spade work done by the National Catholic Industrial Conference in every section of the United States, excellent educational work which reached hundreds of thousands including legislators and other government officials, have had and still have noteworthy social results. Last year's Restatement by the American Hierarchy of its original program and the story of its partial fulfillment has added impetus to the forward movement.

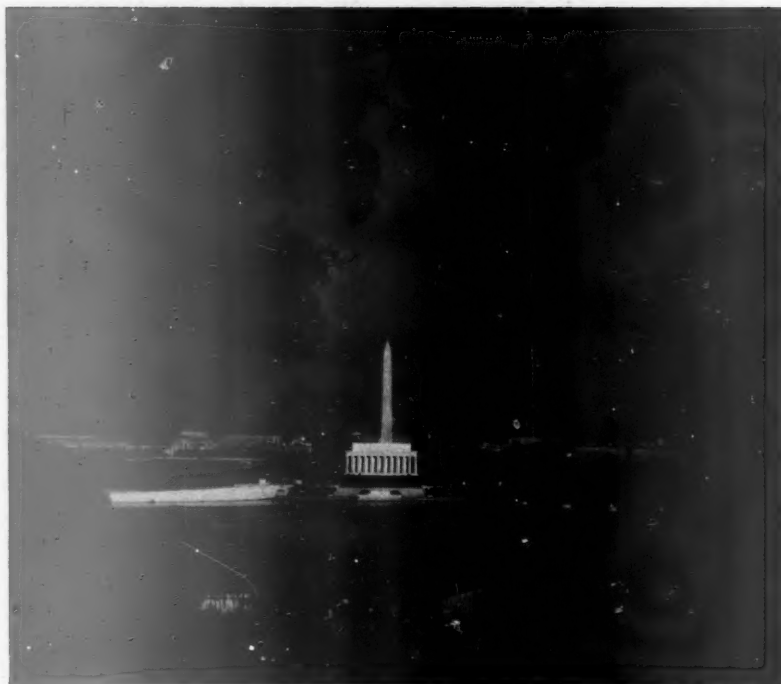
While we may never be able to explore the mind of Congress as it passed the National Recovery Act, we need not refrain from holding that widespread ecclesiastical approval of its purpose and of much of its adjustment machinery was known and noticed. Monsignors Ryan and Haas, at first, and a score of priests, thereafter, were invited to assist government in perfecting the work of the Code Authorities and in functioning as impartial chairmen in charge of the regional offices of the National Labor Board in its administration of the Act's Section 7-A. There were many who thought that at least two of the papal labor program points were being given initial trials, the division of industry and industrial operations according to occupation, a modernized form of the guild, and the creation of an ideal union regime for greater and more harmonious collaboration between employers and employees. The experiment, as you remember, was not given a scientific hearing because the Schechter Poultry Corporation of Brooklyn refused to abide by a Code rule that on resale the buyer should accept the "run of the coop." On such trivia does progress hang.

WHEN the story of the Wagner Act is finally written, the influence of the Church's doctrine that workingmen should improve their conditions of "body, soul, and property" through negotiations with their employers, must be regarded as crucial. The Social Security Acts and the Wage and Hour legislation as well as Federal Housing are easy conclusions flowing straight out of our social program. This is also eminently true of the administration of the New York State Labor Relations Act.

What the future holds for us, especially in America and to some extent in England, is largely our affair. The words of Pius XI are most appropriate, "We must gather and train from amongst their very ranks (employees and management) auxiliary soldiers of the Church, men who know their mentality and their aspirations, and who with kindly fraternal charity will be able to win their hearts. Undoubtedly the first and immediate apostles of the workingmen must themselves be workingmen, while the apostles of the industrial and commercial world should themselves be employers and merchants."

The story is told that when Leo reached the papal study for the first time, right after his election, he found, in the pile of documents that faced him, a letter from an unknown, who described himself as an old disciple of Saint-Simon. Isaac Pereire, for that was his name, argued that the Pope should not regard the ultimate aim of the Marxists as altogether foreign to that of the Church. The Church has always protected the suffering and the oppressed. She might now, in the same spirit, take up the defense of the working class. Socialism is an unlawful intruder. The Church must defend her children not only against economic domination by the wealthy but also against the political and atheistic aims of the intruders. While the social question was being given a wholly secular development by these latter, it was fundamentally Christian and the answer was in the Sermon on the Mount.

This month's world commemoration of the Encyclicals can have no happier ending than our re-examination of this, their sole aim. We are asked to take over from the enemies of labor, the enemies of mankind, the enemies of God, the duty of inducing the State and private industry to guarantee to the workingman amply sufficient wages while assuring the investor a just share of the profits. And if after that re-examination, we join all other "men of good will" in pushing the Christian Order to its earlier acceptance in the conference rooms of Industry we will be effectively envisioning and materializing with the Popes, the "complete renewal of human society" in Christ Jesus, Our Lord.



Harrie & Ewing photo

The defense program has made Washington the "Boomtown on the Potomac"

Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

WASHINGTON, "Boomtown on the Potomac," is entering upon a period of unprecedented growth. Overflowing on both sides of "the River of Swans," as the Indians called the waters now separating Virginia and Maryland, the Capital City is emerging as the Paris of the New World. Not that Washington can compete with the French metropolis with respect to historical monuments, shrines, sidewalk cafés, or the haunts of artists. But as a center of scholarship, research, governmental planning, and military organization, the District of Columbia bids fair to outshine any of the focal points of Old World empire. Washington is coming of age; she may make her *début* any one of these days.

In the past ten years, more than half a million people have been added to the Government payroll.

This does not mean that all these new workers are concentrated in Washington. To some extent they are dispersed throughout the country. But they all maintain contact with their head office or department in the capital. Occasionally, they are able to visit the big chiefs in the District; a privileged few even manage to persuade the county bosses that they can best promote the interests of the party at headquarters. Consequently, there are approximately one thousand candidates for every available position at the seat of government.

The traffic of this business itself is enough to keep railroads humming and hotel rooms scarce. If, as Napoleon remarked, "every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack," almost every resident of Waterloo, Iowa, and Athens, Pennsylvania, carries in his or her attaché-

case a commission destining the bearer to serve in some Federal bureau. To "work for the Government" looms up more and more as the summit of earthly bliss. According to statisticians, this ambition is well founded; if achieved, it represents the safest, most lucrative source of social security.

These are some of the reasons why "the City Beautiful" has more to offer the visitor than a dazzling network of parks and boulevards. Long after the cherry blossoms have departed, the plum tree of patronage bears rich fruit, while the Government orchards are thick with building contracts, opportunities to bid on military, naval, and air supplies, and invitations to accept defense assignments. Every section of the population is affected. It was recently announced, for example, that good will would be created in South and Central America by the dispatch of Hollywood stars to Mexico and the performances of a North American ballet company, featuring a number of refugees, in Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Rio de Janeiro. No art, no profession is to be neglected in the capital program.

In this connection, it is interesting to read that Washington is at the top of the list in *per capita* income. The average salary or wage in the District of Columbia, according to a recent report of the Division of Industrial Economics of the Conference Board, is \$1,179.00. This is good money in any man's ball park, when one recalls that the national average for income is \$546 *per annum*. Of course, it should be noted that one-fourth of the Capital's population, being colored, receives a remuneration decidedly under the average for domestic work and general employment in the service trades. The average salary for a Government worker is between \$1500 and \$2000 a year.

No one need imagine that this princely sum furnishes a temptation to live riotously in the cocktail lounges, of which no lack is discernible, or in the salons of Washington matrons, and other resorts of polite society. The "High Cost of Living" in the District of Columbia is higher than elsewhere in the United States. Food is more expensive than in New York; rents are outrageous, due to a monopoly on the part of a small real estate clique; motor transportation mounts up rapidly, either be-

cause consumption of gas is accelerated by the multiplicity of Stop-Go signs or because of the tariff for suburban service. One out of two residents of the District has a private motor car. In fine, life at the nation's hub is exciting and attractive, but the toll fees are excessive, at least in proportion to the prizes offered.

The outstanding event, politically, during the past month was the tug-of-war between the top-ranking officers of the United States Navy and the politicians as to the form which additional aid to Great Britain should take. Naturally, the convoy question touched off a fierce debate. The issues were clear. On one side, the Admirals and Commanders demanded that they be allowed to lead their own ships into the line of battle, which in this case comprises the shipping lanes of the North Atlantic. The naval professionals, having planned and built the fleet, want to man the guns in every turret of their own warships. Sooner or later, these gentlemen are persuaded, this struggle is going to prove a "shooting war" for the U.S.A., and they want to take into that conflict every millimeter of fire power they can muster.

A retired Admiral, who keeps in intimate touch with naval sentiment, summed up feeling among the officers on active service in giving the following clue to the situation:

"A modern battle fleet is a highly complicated organism. Our capital ships, for example, are supposed to operate behind a screen of heavy and light cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo boats. If the Navy is deficient in any of these latter categories, the backbone of the fleet is like a skeleton without flesh and blood. Ships of the line, stripped of their satellites, are nothing but floating targets. They are particularly vulnerable to submarine attack, apart from their destroyer escorts, as was established in the case of the *Royal Oak* at Scapa Flow.

"Under these circumstances, the United States naval men see the gradual depletion of the fleet in certain categories of vessels with something like dismay. Their professional judgment tells them that the destroyers and speedboats will not be restored to the United States Navy upon a declaration of war. Therefore, their paramount wish and purpose in this crisis is to retain the United States battle fleet intact.

"In fact, they want to see the Navy expanded in every class of fighting ship. Handing over auxiliary vessels is, in their eyes, equivalent to weakening the whole scheme of national defense. Although sympathizing with the plight of British seamen, faced with the tremendous task of running the German bomber and U-boat gauntlet, they would prefer to exercise their good will by blasting away at the Nazi menace under their own flag. They believe warriors should go to the war in their own ships and with their own armaments."

On the other hand, a number of the most powerful civil administrators in Washington, including some members of the President's Cabinet, realize that the people are not yet conditioned for participation in actual warfare. For that reason, they are reluctant to urge the Admirals to begin shooting from their own quarterdecks and under the American flag. They would like to continue to temporize, furnishing Great Britain increasing numbers of warships and every available unit of the

tions and food. A large number of Congressional leaders were willing to make this concession, in spite of the opposition among the responsible officers in the Navy.

The convoy question was complicated in a most acute fashion by the announcement of the non-aggression pact between the Empire of Japan and the Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics. This treaty probably came as no surprise to the readers of *THE SIGN*, inasmuch as the imminence and importance of such an agreement were clearly outlined by this correspondent last October upon his return from the Orient. More recently, the "Inside Washington" column in the March issue of *THE SIGN* quoted an experienced member of the Senate as aware of the behind-the-scenes maneuvers of the Soviet and Nipponese diplomats. The race for Singapore was seen as reaching its final, crucial lap.

Although Representative Sol Bloom, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, endeavored to minimize the impact of the Soviet-



Harris & Ewing photo

Applications for jobs are so numerous that the War Department has set aside special space in its building for interviews and filling out application blanks

United States merchant marine. The opening up of the Red Sea to American boats was part of this strategy.

The department heads who favor this relatively peaceful policy urged that twenty-five additional destroyers be allotted to the British fleet. It was their view that this reinforcement would enable the hard-pressed British to keep the bottleneck in the vicinity of the Isles open for muni-

cipalities. When Mr. Bloom, in signing the Japan treaty, he was unable to impress the other members of Congress with the justness of his views. The majority of Mr. Bloom's committee agreed that Josef Stalin, the partner of Hitler, had become the accomplice of the Japanese military chieftains. Or to use the language of *THE SIGN* (March 1941), "the signal was given for an Oriental nightmare comparable in horror to the terror unleashed

by the Nazi-Soviet pact and the partition of Poland in August 1939."

Chairman Sol Bloom was not the only commentator caught in the rain—without a barrel! Those sprightly Capital correspondents, Messrs. Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, revealed their remoteness from reliable sources of information by their flat statement, heading their "Merry-Go-Round" column on the morning (April 14, 1941) this momentous understanding was disclosed to the secular press:

"You can now write it down as definite that Hitler will wade into Russia by mid-summer, probably before . . .

"One phase of this is of special interest to the United States. On the international checkerboard a move against Russia would mean that Japan could not move in the South Pacific. That should ease the situation around Singapore and the Dutch East Indies—at least for the time being."

Gales of laughter among straight news reporters in Washington greeted this complete misappraisal of the situation. It is doubtful whether the records of "backstairs" journalism contain a more mirth-provoking "boner." The mildest expression real newspapermen employed to formulate their opinion of this sort of "reporting" was to call it "an interesting specimen of wishful thinking." Only a few were so caustic as to make a passing reference to the Drew Pearson-Bob Allen pillar as "omniscient propaganda with reverse English!" When bigger misinterpretations of news are possible, Pearson and Allen will produce them.

At first blush, the Jap-Soviet pact seemed to anchor the United States fleet in the Pacific. The foreign policy of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull is 100 per cent opposed to Nipponese domination of East Asia and the South Pacific.

The day, anticipated by every United States naval officer and man, has arrived. It is no longer possible to avoid a show-down west of the 180th meridian. Two armadas, the Pride of the Orient and the young battle fleet of the New World, are stripped for action.

Unless public opinion intervenes, Tokyo and Washington are as antagonistic as Berlin and London. Yosuke Matsuoka has undertaken to under-

write millions of insurance for the German U-boats in the Atlantic and the contiguous seas. In return, Adolf Hitler not only invites, but provokes the "little brown brother" to help himself to the rubber, oil, and mineral wealth of the Spice Islands. It is the long-awaited partition of the Dutch Empire in the Far East. And another disappointment to the Chinese, who for four years have waged a valiant defensive war against the invader. The world revolution has come to full cycle, at least in the minds of its protagonists.

One of the first practical effects of the "New Order" in the Orient was the decision in the United States Navy Department to reinforce the American fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. It was understood that both destroyers and cruisers would join the heavy units near Honolulu. At the same time, the frantic search for merchant tonnage to supplement the transport, supply, and communications service continued. Cargo space was at a premium. The utilization of idle foreign shipping was deemed

with reference to Ibero-America, inasmuch as the other American Republics, isolated from European markets and sources of supplies, depend more than ever upon United States markets and raw materials.

Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, Co-ordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relationships among the American Republics, sounded a warning against hasty decisions that would strip the United States merchant marine of tonnage absolutely necessary to keep the Ibero-American lifeline pumped full of the blood of trade and communication.

Fortunately, the Pan-American Airways Corporation officers, who for many years have laid plans against the contingencies of war and interrupted ocean transport, have been able to announce a vastly expanded service to our neighbors in this Hemisphere. Thanks to this development, passengers and goods will circulate in the reinforced New World economy. The only drawback is that you can't ship half the coffee crop of Brazil or Salvador in airplanes!



Official U. S. Navy Photograph
United States heavy cruisers during recent fleet maneuvers in the Pacific

an act of elementary caution, if not an indispensable measure of self-preservation.

Even the network of shipping lanes that embraces South and Central America is in jeopardy. The Admirals are prepared to requisition every mercantile bottom afloat. This endangers the Good Neighbor policy

That the labor situation in the United States has given the Administration many a headache was clear from the speeches of a number of party wheelhorses, including Representative John W. McCormack, majority leader in the House, and the Hon. Claude Pepper, United States Senator from Florida. The latter

used strong language in denouncing strike leaders. "Treason" was one of the terms employed.

The hue-and-cry was taken up by other Administration spokesmen. In order to organize a powerful campaign against strikes, the production chiefs in the Capital are mobilizing oratorical talent and editorial skill. Simultaneously, legislation is being prepared to "crack down" on the fomenters of labor difficulties.

It is a regrettable fact that profiteering in certain labor circles during the defense crisis has strengthened the Southern Congressional bloc which has never been reconciled to the Wagner Act. The Walsh-Healey Act, regulating hours and pay for those who receive Government contracts, is also under fire. Of course, the labor spokesmen are vociferous in their demands for a more generous share of war profits, while the big industrialists claim that construction of plants and machines that may be utilized for a limited period of emergency effort are costly investments, requiring big returns at the moment to offset losses in the future.

"War veterans are not the only 'forgotten men' once the war drums have ceased to roar," contend the captains of industry. "Private capital, courted and cajoled by politicians, when the assembly lines are crowded with guns and powder, is put in the doghouse as soon as the fire dies down. We learned that lesson in the last war. We're not going to burn our fingers again. Furthermore, we discovered that the last ten years have marked a tremendous increase in labor racketeering. Union officials are getting the fattest salaries, fees, bonuses, and pay-offs in the history of capitalistic production. The gouging in some parts of the country has been terrific. We're delighted to give the honest workmen their slice of the melon; we don't care to take big risks with our money and our equipment in order to gorge the swivel-chair labor bosses. The latter don't even make the exertions of the old-time walking delegates. And they expect double-time for nothing but trouble."

It is generally conceded in Washington, however, that Mr. Phil Murray is a notable improvement as a labor spokesman and labor negotiator upon Mr. John L. Lewis. The latter has made no better recovery than the soft-coal industry. Mr. Mur-

JOY SITS IN THE SHADOW

By MARGERY MANSFIELD

*And what if fate has placed us here
Upon a world that's covered with a cloud?
The fortunate are not the happy, dear!
Let us make a reason to be proud.*

*I never knew those deep in gold to shout,
"Come in, come all, this element is fun!"
But rather, from the shadow, looking out
Are those who have the most joy in the sun.*

ray, less of the demagogue and more of the philosopher, made an appeal for the establishment of "labor councils" in each branch of production that elicited much favorable comment on Capitol Hill.

Sentiment is growing in favor of giving responsible labor leaders some voice in ironing out production problems. Few Senators or Representatives believe that this can be done except on a voluntary basis. In short, compulsory regimentation of industry is on the defensive in the Capitol.

In the meantime, there are one or two alarming symptoms on the state of business. The publisher of one of the big New York daily newspapers expressed his concern in these words:

"Newspapers reflect conditions more swiftly than the radio or television. During the past twelve months, our editors have handled huger budgets of news and opinion than at any time in newspaper history. But the business executives in the front office are worried. They are not writing the advertising that should be the fruit of wider circulation and snappier news stories.

"Private business has less money to invest in advertising budgets. The volume of display publicity is falling perceptibly. How long will this continue? Are we actually upon the threshold of State Socialism? Isn't it a fact that the area of Government activity is expanding, whereas the opportunities for personal initiative and business success are narrowing? Doesn't Federal spending grow like a snowball? What guarantees have we that the trend will be reversed in the post-war epoch?"

Members of the Senate Committee

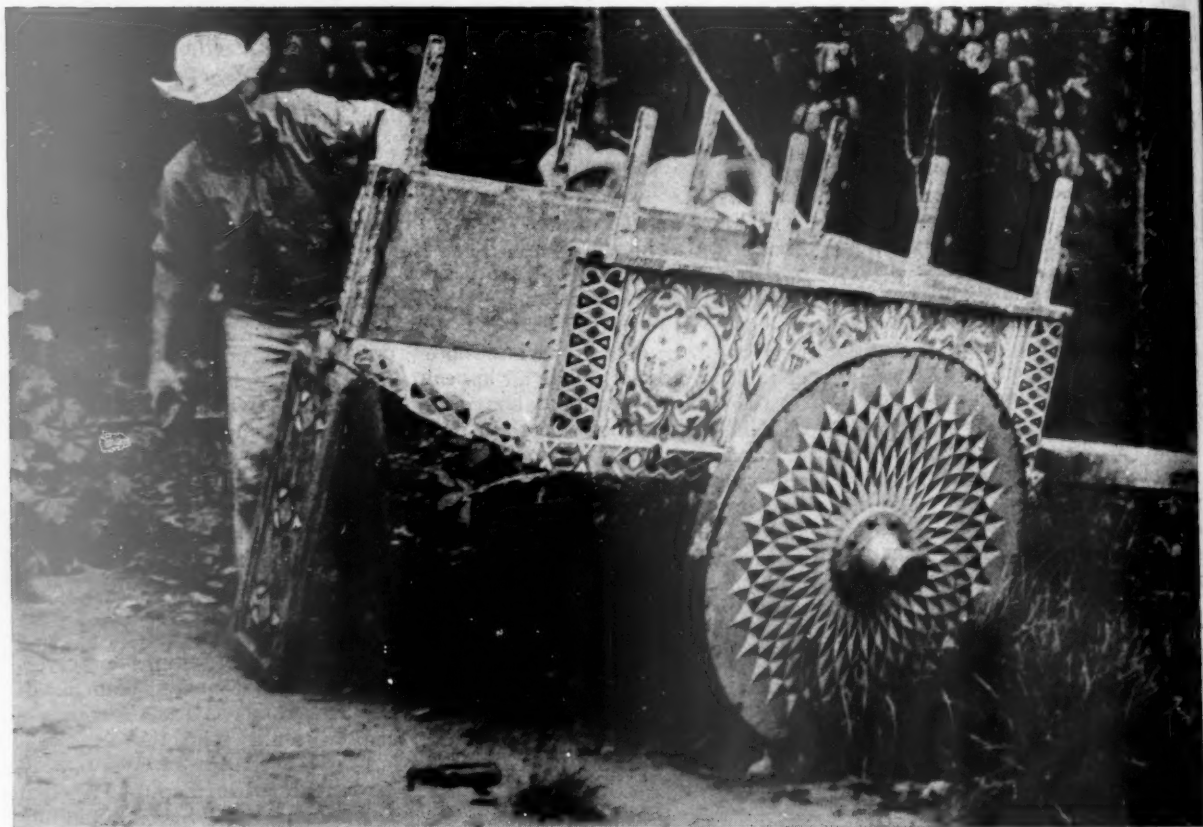
on Banking and Currency realize that the nation faces the dilemma of *taxation or inflation*. Neither procedure is popular. Both horns of the dilemma lead to a larger measure of state control. War and inflation paved the way to Europe's ruin, it is recalled, while everybody appreciates that these two stimulants to a short-lived prosperity, like hypodermic injections, prepare the body politic for deeper periods of convulsion and depression. Neither executive nor law-making branches of the Government like to come to grips with this reality.

IT is reported on Capitol Hill that a number of additional Republicans will be invited to join the Administration. A tip-off as to what may be expected was afforded by the nomination of Mr. Eugene F. Meyer, former Governor of the Federal Reserve System under Herbert Hoover, to serve on the National Labor Mediation Board. Mr. Meyer, publisher of the *Washington Post*, one-time arch-foe of the New Deal, having plumped 100 per cent for the Roosevelt foreign policy, is slated for other and more illustrious service in the Democratic Party!

There are other Republican bigwigs in the scenes, waiting to make their entrance at the appropriate moment. Colonel Bill Donovan, erstwhile Republican candidate for Governor of New York, is looked upon with favor as a possible Master of Ceremonies for the induction of other deserving G.O.P. chieftains into the salvific creed of Democracy with a capital D! The procession forms to the right.

Second Line of American Defense

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON



A Central American farmer's cart, attractively decorated in azure and gold

Pictures by Iris Woolnik

OUR great second line of inter-American defense is good use of good soil. The American republics south of us are largely agrarian. They have other great resources of scenery, tradition, religion, renowned cultures, and traditions. They have great cities and vast mineral, forest, and power resources.

But Latin America has much of the richest land in the world. I find myself never-endingly amazed at the gigantic fertility of Latin-American earth, much of which produces two, five, or even ten times as much foodstuff per acre as our own richest lands. There is little wonder that Latin America is dominantly an agrarian frontier; that of roughly one hundred million of its people, about seventy million may be termed rural. Relative density of population does not materially change this

situation. For example, El Salvador, smallest of all American nations, second only to pre-Hitler Belgium, is the most densely populated independent nation in the world today. Yet almost seventy-five per cent of Salvadorans live from the land.

Throughout Central and South Americas, land awaits clearing and tillage. Land use faces eminent challenges for improvement and development. For the American tropics are world cradles of crops which include ordinary corn, by odds the greatest crop of the United States; potatoes, our foremost vegetable; peanuts, our number-one food legume, and chocolate, our favorite flavor.

The complete list of Latin-American farm products is enormous. In place of about half-a-dozen staple fruits, as we have, Latin America produces more than one hundred.

Varieties of Latin-American timbers are probably twenty times as numerous as those of North American forests. Hugely important native plants of Latin America such as *hevea*, the Amazon rubber tree, the cocoa or chocolate tree, the *chinchona* or quinine tree, *hennequen*, *abaca*, and other fiber crops, and numerous valuable palm crops have been carried from Latin America to similar latitudes of Africa, the South Seas, Malaya, and the East Indies.

These lost Latin-American treasures must be regained. Several of these vanished crops are desperately needed for urgent defense uses and for routine requirements of industry, trade, and common health.

Great crops of Latin America continue to rise from a fabulous reservoir of rich soils. Thus far only a fragment of these lands have actual-

ly been put to use. Such near neighbors to the south as Panama, Nicaragua, and Honduras estimate that no more than five per cent of their tillable land is actually in cultivation. The same figure is probably applicable to South America as a whole. Brazil, third largest nation in the world in area, has a grand total of about nineteen million acres of land in cultivation.

Yet land is life to Latin America. It is food, health, and durable government. It is the far-reaching and indispensable second line of American defense. Latin America can never be solvently strong without valid use of her lands. We, the United States, cannot maintain great strength unless our southern neighbors are also strong. Latin-American harvests in dozens of instances represent goods which we must in any case import. Problems variously common to this huge list of strategic crops to the south can be indicated by a brief summary of four of the greatest Latin-American harvests. The four which I select are rubber, quinine, coffee, and bananas.

Today rubber is almost as important as steel as a defense material or an industrial good. Quinine remains the most important of all pharmaceuticals. Coffee is our foremost national beverage. With the possible exception of apples, bananas are our foremost year-round fruit. Practically speaking, Latin America has lost its hold of the first two, both of which are native to the Americas.

Though *hevea* or tree rubber was born of the vast rich Amazon valley, though Brazil actually introduced rubber to the world, all Latin America now produces less than one and a half per cent of the world's rubber supply. The Orient tropics, particularly British Malaya, Indo-China, and the Dutch East Indies now produce more than nine-tenths of the world's supply of natural rubber and provide almost ninety-five per cent of our own yearly consumption.

A few thousand tons of this huge requirement comes from the vast *hevea*-bearing jungles of the lower Amazon. A few thousand tons come from other American latex-bearing plants, such as the *Castilloa* tree and the *Guayule* bush. Two or three per cent of our rubber demands are met with "synthetic rubbers" devised in United States factories at

high costs for specific uses. But most of our huge rubber industry is equipped only to process and manufacture natural rubber.

Nevertheless, as a million square miles of wild-growing South American *hevea* trees are abandoned because of poor yields, uncontrolled fungus enemies, poor brokerage, and inferior preparation for market, strongholds of natural rubber have swung completely around the world to the well-tended plantations of the Orient tropics.

We must admire the skill and the superb husbandry of Oriental planters who have changed a jungle crop to systematic orchard tillage and thereby raised crude rubber yields from a few pounds per acre to 800 or 1,200, or a ton per acre. Farm labor is cheap in the Orient. But soil and climate of the Orient tropics are generally much inferior to those of the American tropics. And declared profits of some of the larger rubber plantations of Java and Sumatra have frequently averaged 100 per cent yearly and have touched the almost unbelievable high of 1,300 per cent!

Today there is no longer a shadow of doubt that *hevea* rubber can be raised profitably and efficiently in the American tropics. At Fordlandia and Bel Terra, near Manaoas far down the Amazon, Henry Ford now has at least 20,000 acres of cultivated *hevea* plantation in profitable bearing. At Cairo, Costa Rica, and Gatun, Panama, the Goodyear Company now has promising rubber farms coming into profitable bearing. Our Department of Agriculture is establishing rubber experiment stations at six points throughout the American tropics. Thus we know that high-yielding, disease-resisting *hevea* trees can be grown on plantations in the American tropics.

As Japan presses menacingly southward, as Axis conspiracies turn toward the verdant Orient, our present rubber supply is in fearful peril. There is the equally timely truth that American return of *hevea* as a systematic plantation crop could create jobs for perhaps half-a-million Latin Americans and add a billion dollars yearly to the ledgers of inter-American trade.

Quinine is another lost crop of the Americas, which American welfare and needs of mankind demand that the Americas regain. The medicinal

history of quinine began about three centuries ago when the Count of Chinchona arrived at Lima, Peru, as Spain's Viceroy. There the Count's wife was stricken with malaria and became desperately sick. A friend recommended a powder made from native tree bark, a cure which the Inca Indians had used for centuries. The Countess drank the bitter dram and became well.

Word of the cure went back to malaria-ridden Spain. Missionary Jesuits began to collect the bark and distribute it throughout the world. For a century and a half the Andes highlands held unquestioned monopoly upon the production of quinine. Indians stripped the bark, killed great groves of the graceful, poplar-like trees, and failed to replace them. By 1850 complete extinction of native growths of *chinchona* was becoming an extremely alarming possibility.

In 1859 the British government dispatched a party of naturalists to the wilds of the Andes to collect seed of *chinchona* for introduction into India—where perhaps 4,000,000 people continue to die of malaria every year. But quinine plantings in India, Ceylon, and other British tropics were unsuccessful. Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy have striven with scant success to introduce the Peruvian tree into Africa. About 1880 Holland began to establish *chinchona* as an orchard crop in Java and Sumatra.

Today Latin-American production of Latin-American-born quinine is tiny, while about 125 farms and plantations of the Dutch tropics produce virtually all of the world's quinine supply—about 20,000,000 pounds of bark per year, with pure



Pensive Costa Rican woman

quinine recovery averaging six or seven per cent of bark weight. Native forests of *chinchona* in the South American Andes are almost completely out of bearing. Once more efficient plantation culture abetted by coolie wages has picked an essential world resource from the too open and too trustful hands of South America. The Dutch quinine cartel has meanwhile grown into one of the most complete monopolies ever known—decidedly to the disadvantage of the Americas and of humanity in general.

For quinine is the one great thera-

peutic cure for malaria, which remains the most destructive scourge of Latin America and tropical lands throughout the world. Indeed, the United States Public Health Service now estimates that 4,000,000 citizens of our own Southern states suffer from chronic malaria, that our annual malaria losses are not less than half a billion dollars a year, and one-third of the productive working time of our rural South!



Bananas from the fertile earth bring riches to our southern neighbors

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Each year throughout the world millions die of malaria and tens of millions suffer from it. Today much of the American tropics are menaced with fierce infestations of blackwater

fever, a most advanced and destructive form of malaria. And uncensused millions of Latin Americans, whose blood streams carry the cell-ruining parasites of malaria, continue to serve as human carriers of this scourge of the tropics.

For almost a third of a century the world supply and price of quinine have been established and controlled by a dictatorship of eleven Dutchmen who call themselves the Kina Bureau of Amsterdam. Adolf Hitler now rules Amsterdam and the control board of the quinine industry. But the Dutch plantations

at least nine-tenths of all malaria sufferers were financially unable to afford quinine. The same League Committee presented numerous statistics to prove that annual profits of Sumatra and Java *chinchona* orchards averaged 36 per cent annually between 1920 and 1935 and that individual plantations have repeatedly declared annual profits of 600 per cent!

Neither the Kina Bureau nor the Dutch Government has refuted these charges. Since 1910 an average of 45,000 Dutch-owned, American-born plantation acres of *chinchona* have supplied the tenth-part of quinine which mankind requires to withstand malaria. Thus there is good reason to believe that 100,000 acres of well-managed plantations could supply quinine for all of the Americas, giving new health and vitality to millions of our people, and giving an added warp of Pan-American strength.

This is not an easy feat. Long experience has proven that *chinchona* is difficult to adapt to plantation use. But the same experience has proven that such a feat is possible. At present I know of one successful *chinchona* plantation in Colombia, and of a newer though much smaller one now bearing in highland Guatemala. Analysis of first-harvest bark from the latter shows as high a quality of quinine as the market has ever known, and a quinine recovery considerably higher than the average of Java. The United States Department of Agriculture also made a first step toward answering the quinine quandary by establishing a *chinchona* experiment station in Puerto Rico. The challenge is squarely before us.

Rubber and quinine are great American crops which the Americas have lost. Balancing the score, to some measure at least, are two great alien crops which Latin America has gained from other parts of the world. Those two crops are coffee and bananas.

Coffee is native to Africa—probably to the area of Ethiopia. Missionary priests brought the graceful little tree into the American tropics. Today Latin America produces more than five-sixths of the world's coffee supply, and coffee has become an important crop of fourteen Latin-American republics and the foremost export of seven.

Coffee growing is laborious and

complex. The subject is far too big for this space. But the facts stand that Latin-American coffee growing has become paramount because of the United States market, and that we are by odds the world's foremost consumers of coffee. With Europe torn and blasted by war, we are today consuming virtually the whole of this hemisphere's export coffee crop—roughly twenty-five million bags yearly.

Since 1939, skillful management and advertising by coffee brokers, jobbers, processors, and even more effectively by associations of coffee growers of Brazil, Colombia, Central America, and the Caribbean Islands, have raised the United States per capita consumption of coffee from 13.2 pounds per year to 15.4 pounds. Comparing this with Germany's maximum per capita consumption of about eight pounds of coffee, Italy's of four pounds, and England's of one pound gives a pertinent comparison of national buying powers.

Similarly, the story of the banana is one of the most brilliant chapters in all the great agrarian history of the Americas. During the sixteenth century Father Berlanga, another missionary priest, brought the first banana roots from the Canary Islands to the lands of the Caribbean. The roots flourished, and today these same lands of the Caribbean, particularly Honduras, Guatemala, Mexico, Jamaica, Costa Rica, and Panama have become commercial banana strongholds for all the world.

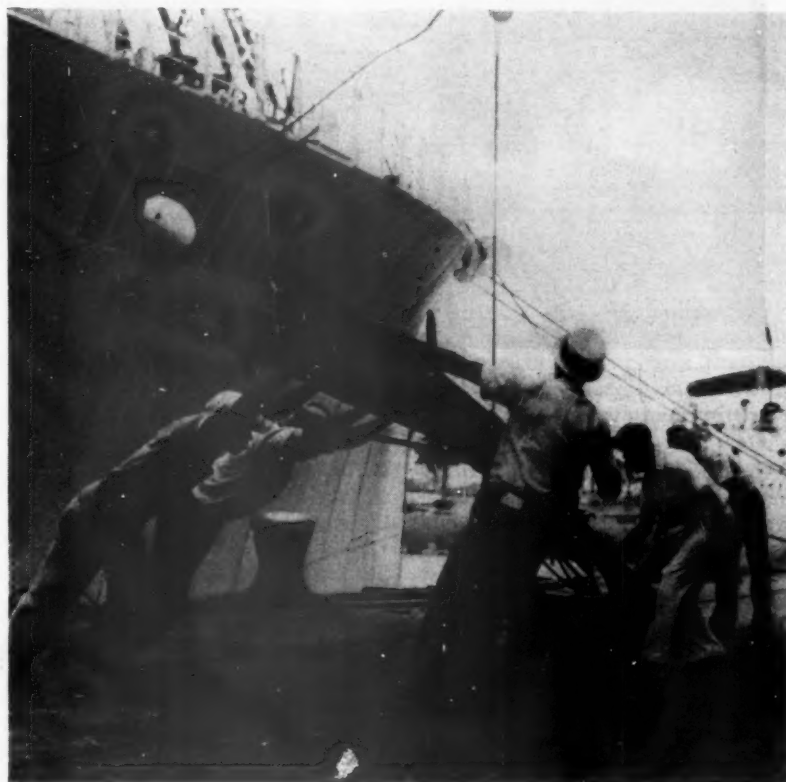
Largely during the past decade, banana culture of the American tropics has changed from a haphazard jungle grab-bag to what is probably the most highly mechanized, skillfully routinized and accurately directed food crop of mankind; a crop with an average initial investment of \$400 per producing acre; a crop which permanently employs about 185 men per thousand acres; motivates and maintains at least 2,500 miles of tropical railway; builds and supports at least fifteen great hospitals and scores of medical centers providing health services for more than 70,000 banana workers. Banana growing continues to build great seaports such as the three new and strategic ports of Quepos and Golfito, Costa Rica, and Armuelles, all on the Pacific Coast of Central America.

Superior husbandry and tillage

and research, combined with traditional American enterprise and superior Latin-American labor, have combined to save much of the Central American banana crop from complete ruin by a fungus called Sigatoka, a wind-blown spore which has largely destroyed commercial banana production throughout the Orient tropics.

Since 1925, virtually all important banana lands of the world have been burned and withered by this virulent fungus destroyer. Most banana

other great Latin-American crops, among others coconut (our most important source of vegetable oil) fiber crops such as *abaca* and *henequen* which are needed by United States industry but apparently cannot be grown within the United States, dozens of proven tannin crops (indispensable to commercial manufacture of leather) important vegetable dyes, such as indigo, spices, ginger, citronella, peppers, and vegetable wax crops, such as *carnauba* palm—no vegetable waxes can be grown within



Fair exchange: from North America comes steel

growers have surrendered to the withering fungus. But as a group, Central American banana growers have not surrendered. Instead they have spent millions of dollars and more millions of working hours in perfecting and installing spray systems, improving cultivation, irrigation, drainage, and general management of the crop. Results are evident. American banana lands have survived the plague and beaten it. During the past decade, average banana yields per acre have virtually doubled throughout Central America.

Similar challenges await scores of

the United States and our domestic supply of vegetable tannins now meets barely one-third of the requirements of United States leather industries.

And so on. Every exportable crop which can be returned to or developed in Latin America helps strengthen hemisphere solidarity and further reinforces our vital lines of America's secondary defense. And by bettering the lot of the farmer it improves life throughout the Americas. It helps to polish plowshares and to mold a greater American civilization.



The Dionne Quintuplets in their Communion dress.
Left to right: Emilie, Cecile, Marie, Annette, Yvonne

King Features Syndicate, Inc.

The Quints

By LILLIAN BARKER

institutionalized *jumelles*—to borrow their own name for themselves and their parents' name for them—have besought their father and mother to let them ride to Mass, to the Sacred Heart Church in Corbeil, in Papa's car.

Yes, the yearning, the unsatisfied yearning to go to Church in their father's car, is to this day an obsession with the quintuplets. An obsession that deeply grieves Oliva and Elzire Dionne, the parents, to whom the almost-seven-year-olds so often say:

"Always, always, the other children go to Mass in Papa's car, but never, never the poor little Quints." (*Toujours, toujours les autres enfants vont à la Messe dans la voiture de Papa, mais jamais, jamais les pauvres petites jumelles!*)

The poor little Quints! Poor when they, Ontario's five-star tourist attraction, the world's biggest and best baby show, have enriched their province by untold millions of dollars, realized from a tax on gasoline and through tourist trade.

Poor when Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, their personal physician, a man of very limited means and unheard-of before their birth, is now rich and internationally famous!

And poor when they themselves, the *jumelles* Dionne have a combined fortune of nearly a million, invested for the most part in Government securities! In securities of the very same Government that, long, long before their first birthday made them Wards of the Crown—over Oliva and Elzire Dionne's violent protests.

What is the explanation of this strangest of strange cases, the most

ON THE 28th of May, the month of the Blessed Virgin—of *la Sainte Vierge*, as the Quints call her—Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie Dionne will celebrate their seventh birthday. Ever since last August, Assumption Day and the day of their First Communion, the famous five have been talking, too, about the morning they'd wake up, oh so bright and early, and call out to each other:

"Happy birthday to you, my little-big sister!"

Now the long-awaited-for morning is almost here, but will the quintuplets' birthday be happy? Really and truly happy? The answer to that is yes and no.

Yes, because there will be Mass in their private chapel. There will be prayers, and these children, following the example of their parents, both very devout, love to pray, and they do pray fervently.

After Mass there will also be a Quint party for the Dionne family who'll give them presents. There'll be a cake and candles. There will be music, with Annette, the talented organist, playing the harmonium and with all the quintet singing French songs at the top of their voices. Marie, whose voice is the

sweetest, will sing a solo, *Sur le Pont d'Avignon*.

Yvonne, a creative-artist-in-the-making from present indications will, at her mother's request, exhibit her original sketches.

Cécile, the most beautiful and graceful of the five, will lead a Quint dancing chorus.

Emilie, the one left-handed quintuplet and a born comédienne will, as a grand finale, go into her act of mimicry and clowning and end it to the tune of applause from a very appreciative audience.

A gala occasion you would call that, no doubt. So why shouldn't everybody be happy? And the occasion will be gala—as gala as any celebration can ever be in any institution—and everybody will be happy till going-away time comes for the "guests." Then there will be tears, if the Quints run true to form. For on all other birthdays, since they've been old enough to speak with their lips and from their hearts, Marie, Emilie, Cécile, Annette, and Yvonne, when kissing their parents good-by, have all begged and cried "to go home and live with Papa and Mama and the other children."

Sunday after Sunday, too, for more than three years, these same

and the Faith

famous custody case in all history? Were the Dionnes ever in any way unworthy parents? The answer to that is no, a thousand times no! And I know whereof I speak, because for weeks at a time I have lived in the Dionne home and twenty-four times altogether I've been to Callander on Dionne-Dafoe-Quint assignments. Never have I met more upright and honest people, and never have I seen a more devoted father and mother.

Then, remembering your newspaper reports, you may ask: "Why did Elzire Dionne, when the Quints were only three days old, sign a contract for exhibition of the babies at the Chicago World's Fair?"

The answer to that is easy. Those reports were a canard, for Elzire, sick unto death, did not sign any such document. She didn't even see it.

But, again remembering the widely circulated reports, you may say: "Her husband certainly signed the paper in question, didn't he? And all because he and his wife wanted to exploit the quintuplets for their own personal gain. I read that in the papers."

Your memory will be correct, too, for I and millions of others read that in various and sundry reports in various and sundry papers. When I went to Callander for the first time, though, in April 1935, to write Elzire Dionne's life-story, I learned the why and wherefore of the signing of the much-discussed contract. And the truth is, the twenty-nine-year-old father of ten children, confronted with a financial problem no other father has ever had to face, rushed to Dr. Dafoe, his family physician—and a man almost twice his age—for elderly advice concerning the contract that had just been presented to him by a mid-Western promoter.

Unhesitatingly, the doctor counseled Oliva to go ahead and make what he could out of the Quints while the making was good. For all the babies couldn't possibly live, he

said . . . and Oliva had a gravely ill wife and five other children to support, didn't he?

Oliva didn't want to make money out of the Quints, however, for any reason except to keep the poor little things alive and to keep his family together. And because of that desperate desire, that paternal duty as he saw it, he did sign the contract, but not as it was first presented to him. Oh no. To make sure his babies would be subjected to no dangers, no risks whatsoever, he inserted in the document a paragraph which stipulated *that the infants could not be removed from Callander without the full approval and consent of Dr. Dafoe.*

So, with the *protective clause*, originated and insisted upon by the father, in the agreement, it is incontrovertibly evident that Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie could never at any time nor in any circumstances have been taken from Callander without the sanction of their personal physician.

Just the same, even as the Quints approach their seventh birthday some people still argue that they had to be made wards of the Crown to protect them from their parents. Yet these very same wards have since been exploited in a way that has out-Barnumed the great, great Barnum. For has any other show on the face of the earth, even a five-ring circus, ever attracted crowds, year in and year out, at the rate of four, five, six and sometimes seven thousand a day as the quintuplet exhibitions have during the tourist seasons?

Apropos of the record-breaking record, the Honorable Davis A. Croll, former Welfare Minister and former Quint guardian, on resigning from the



Pauline Dionne

guardianship board in 1937, recommended the earliest possible return of the children to their parents.

With even more than his customary eloquence in a speech to the legislature, he said the *ballyhoo days* were over . . . that there was no substitute for a mother, and that the quintuplets needed a normal home life and close association with their brothers and sisters.

At the same time, Mr. Croll spoke of the fortune amassed for the Quints through motion picture and advertising contracts. Because of that fortune, he said, the little girls' future was assured.

But is it assured? Before Marie, Emilie, Cécile, Annette, and Yvonne grow up, especially with a second world war raging, may not the whole financial and social structure change? May not all the *jumelles'* money turn to ashes like fairy gold?



Rose Dionne

N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.

The feud that developed years ago, too, between the Catholic, French-speaking Dionnes and the Protestant, non-French-speaking Dr. Dafoe, the feud that still exists—what caused it in the first place? Religious and linguistic differences?

Not at all! Oliva, who speaks English as fluently as French, told me *en anglais et en français* that religion and language had had nothing to do with the so-called feud. And as far back as 1935 both parents assured me that their grievances against "the little doc," as he has come to be known, were due to his inconsiderate and high-handed treatment of them. They said he had usurped their rights as parents; that he ran the hospital as imperiously as he "ran the Quint show," about which he'd often boasted to reporters and tourists. The father and mother further resented the physician's refusal to allow them ever to be alone with their quintuplet daughters.

Through the years, with conditions becoming more and more aggravated as the Quints grew older, the feud got hotter and hotter. And shortly after the Quint-parent-Dr.-Dafoe-presentation to King George and Queen Elizabeth in Toronto in May 1939, Oliva and Elzire Dionne brought two lawsuits against the Callander physician. The first action, charging libel, was filed in the North Bay Courthouse shortly after Dr. Dafoe, "gowned as a doctor of litters, fessed for widely distributed newspaper pictures, "to their shame," the parents asserted, "and to the future shame of the *Quintettes*, his innocent and helpless patients, wards, and victims."

The second suit demanded an accounting of funds by the doctor and co-guardian of the quintuplets, who, as doctor, had been paid by the children a regular salary and who, as guardian, had received very generous bonuses.

THE funds to be accounted for had nothing to do with salaries or bonuses. They were moneys Dr. Dafoe had—upon questioning at a guardians' meeting by the Dionnes' Ottawa lawyer, Monsieur Henri Saint-Jacques, K. C.—admittedly received from personal and undisclosed contracts with firms doing business with the Quints. Since the English law expressly said

no guardian or trustee could legally profit on his wards' estates, the barrister argued that Dr. Dafoe had had no right to enter into the lateral and secret contracts.

Even so, after several conferences, meetings in Ottawa, of Monsieur Saint-Jacques and the very brilliant Mr. Arthur K. Slaght, K. C., Dr. Dafoe's solicitor, both suits against the physician were eventually settled out of Court—not, however, until the doctor in a *Memorandum of Agreement* had agreed to resign from the Quint Guardianship Board.

In the same agreement, too, Dr. Dafoe declared "that the quintuplets' education would remain incomplete unless they were soon restored to family life and atmosphere. For that purpose he (the physician) strongly advocated the erection during the summer of 1940, of a common dwelling house for them and their family."

But the document was drawn up in December 1939, and the Quints, now all able-bodied—they're really five little huskies!—are still living in their hospital home down the road, away from their parents. And the parents more than ever before resent what they call Dr. Dafoe's never-ceasing usurpation of their *natural* rights.

"God-given rights," they style them.

So, with no rapprochement even in the offing, what's going to happen to Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie Dionne? Can these glamour girls, these storm centers in the continuing controversy, keep the faith as their ancestors for centuries have kept it? Daily and Sunday they are Quints on parade. Tourists stare at them in their observation playground and they stare back at the tourists—an observation the *jumelles* frequently make to their parents. Not vaingloriously yet; but in the glare of such a spotlight can these fast-growing girls remain simple and unspoiled? And what effect spiritually will the spotlight have upon them? To answer that question comprehensively I, who have talked to the *petites*, many, many times, will have to go into their family background. Their very Catholic background. I'll have to go into their pre-natal history a little, too, to the Christmas Eve of 1933, when Elzire Dionne, between break-

fast and midnight Mass, said a thousand Hail Marys for "the baby" she was expecting the following July. The little one she, then and there, placed under the protection of the Holy Mother.

Nor did that end Elzire's praying for the unborn *enfant*. Far from it! All through the stark winter, with snowdrifts piled high on the Callander-Corbeil road in front of her home, with the sub-zero winds whistling around the farmhouse, she said her rosary for the baby boy or the baby girl, whichever it might be, who would be so welcome.

THEN, little by little, the ice thawed, the snow melted, the freezing winds blew away, and it was spring again in Northern Ontario.

The bleak Canadian winter of 1934 was over at last, and a bright morning sun shone benevolently down on the Dionne home and the three hundred acres of Dionne land.

The beautiful day was May seventh, an important event in the Dionne household, for wasn't it the birthday of Elzire Legros Dionne? Elzire Marie, her mother, Madame Moïse Legros who'd named her for the Blessed Virgin, called her. And right up to the day she died, when Elzire Marie was only eleven, Madame had kept the child dressed in pale blue, the Virgin's color.

Those light blue dresses Elzire wore, cotton on week days and silk on Sundays, had been the talk of Corbeil. Elzire Marie had looked so nice in them. What was more, she'd worn them with such a religious air all the neighbors had said she'd be devout when she grew up. And some, aware that there were among her relatives, near and remote, twenty members of various religious orders, even went so far as to predict that Elzire Legros would also take the veil.

That was, however, long before her sixteenth birthday, not long after which—on September 15, 1925—the daughter of Moïse Legros married Oliva Dionne, the son of a neighboring farmer. The same devout Oliva, remembering the pale blue dresses, had just given Elzire, on her birthday, a light blue rosary with a silver crucifix.

Now the rosary was on top of the kitchen cupboard; she was making toast and scrambling eggs, and he was in the cellar, ready to go up the

backstairs with an armful of stove wood. A heavy load he didn't want her to carry because in three months, just about, there would be that new little baby in the Dionne home.

Another *enfant* and money was scarce, what with the world-wide depression that made selling of produce so difficult for farmers. Especially for those who lived in the wilds of Northern Ontario where cash had always been more or less at a premium.

At that, though, the Dionnes had been better off than most. For at the time of his marriage, Oliva, the best catch in the settlement when barely twenty-two, had two thousand dollars in the bank. A trapper on the side, he'd sold pelts in North Bay, the fur-trading center. In addition to his farm, bought from his father Olivier, he'd also owned the only automobile in Corbeil except

—and with their peaceful, rustic way of living—considered their lot in life a favored one. Weren't they bound together, too, by ties of religion and children? And when adversity came, wholly and solely because of the depression, they still had their love, their religion, and their children. So why complain?

And they hadn't complained. They'd just adapted themselves to their changed circumstances, and they had both worked harder than ever. In the biting-cold winter of 1934 Oliva had hauled gravel on the Callander Road, for which labor, together with the wagon and team of horses he supplied, the Government paid him four dollars a day.

Elzire, handy with a needle, had made over some of her own wedding ensembles for Rose and Thérèse, so the little girls would be well-dressed and "well-coated" at Mass.

Handy also with scissors and

Such were Elzire's thoughts when she, with the food on the table, and Oliva, with the load of wood in the box by the stove, sat down to their breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee. They were still her thoughts while he was out planting the oats and hay and while she was serving breakfast to the children.

During the weeks that followed, those same musings, so natural, so maternal, often recurred to her, too—until the historic morning of May 28 when the *new little baby* arrived two months prematurely.

The baby who amazed her, Oliva, and everyone else around by being not just one *enfant* but five!

Five girls, three of whom, Yvonne, Annette, and Cécile, were delivered by Madame Marie Jeanne Lebel, the Corbeil midwife, and two of whom, Emilie and Marie, were delivered by Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the Callander physician.

More dead than alive, apparently, the babies, tiny and fragile beyond description, were instantly baptized by Elzire's aunt-in-law, Madame Alex Legros, an assisting midwife. Conditionally baptized with water from the kitchen dipper, at the urgent request of their mother, who was also apparently dying.

That rite performed, Elzire sighed and sank into a coma from which she did not emerge until an hour or so later, when the parish priest, Father Daniel Routhier, entered the room to "prepare her for death." After receiving Extreme Unction she lapsed back into the coma.

In the interim news of the incredible birth spread over the countryside—and over the world.

But would the Quints live? Of the thirty-two sets of quintuplets born over a period of centuries, none had ever survived. And the Callander-Quint-mother, hadn't she received the last rites of the Church?

Nevertheless *le bon Dieu* who wrought the miracle of the *jumelles'* birth spared their lives, and the life of their mother. That's what Elzire told me ten months later when I went to Callander for the first time, in April 1935, to write her biography for one of our leading syndicates.

She, Oliva, and his school teacher-sister Alma, told me about the Quints' first day on earth . . . They told me how the doctor, before leaving the house early in the morning,



The rest of the "Quint" family. Front row, Pauline, and in back of her Thérèse; Oliva, Sr. holding Oliva, Jr.; Elzire with baby Victor René in her lap; Rose, Daniel, and Ernest

for the car driven by Father Breen, the parish priest. Nor was that all. This same resourceful young fellow had often rented his eight hundred dollar hay-press—the only baler in the community—to less prosperous farmers who couldn't afford to buy one.

So, with such enterprise, hard work, and thrift, it is no wonder the Dionnes prospered.

It is no wonder either that Oliva and Elzire, in love with each other

saucer—the scissors to cut, naturally, and the saucer to shape the coiffures—she'd cut the hair of Ernest and Daniel. And if the *new little baby* were a boy, when time came, she'd cut his hair, too, so he wouldn't look unkempt but always well-groomed and tidy. If the *enfant* were a girl, though, she'd both cut and curl her hair the way she did Rose's, Thérèse's and Pauline's. Then *la petite* would be just as pretty as possible, wouldn't she?

predicted that the infants—with the possible exception of Yvonne, the largest—would be dead before night.

The prognosis had been almost unbearable too. But if medicine and science couldn't save the babies, prayer might. That's what Oliva, Alma, Elzire, and the midwives decided. So they all prayed—Elzire in her every conscious moment; and once with fingers very shaky she made the sign of the cross on her tiny, tiny infants' foreheads. And the untutored, wholly unscientific midwives wrapped the *jumelles* in blankets, put them in a basket and set the basket beside the kitchen stove. At intervals Madame Legros, whenever she saw one of the children sinking, blew the breath of life into its little body, breath from her own invigorating lungs.

SO, ON his return around five-thirty, after an all-day absence, the doctor found the Quints alive, every last one of them. Seemingly moribund, to be sure, but still breathing!

Suppose the midwives hadn't carried on, though, suppose they hadn't followed their initiative, such as it was, suppose nobody in that farmhouse had prayed to the good God, all powerful, to *le bon Dieu, tout puissant*, would there be any quintuplets today?

The Dionnes think not. With their faith, so sublime and unshakable, while happy to accord all due credit to Dr. Dafoe and the hospital staff for their subsequent care of the Quints, the parents firmly believe the good God who wrought the miracle of the little girls' birth, also wrought the miracle of their survival.

Because they have been saying that for nearly seven years now, their critics have called them simple and ignorant, accusations wrong—and very wrong—on both counts. The same critics have hurled diatribes at the parents for their "ingratitude" to Dr. Dafoe and the Ontario Government. Yet I know from confidences with which the Dionnes have honored me that Oliva and Elzire Dionne, monetary considerations aside, appreciate all that the doctor, as a doctor, has done for the quintuplets.

Nor are they concerned about the Quints' payroll of more than two thousand dollars a month. Neither have I ever heard them criticize the

guardians, Judge Valin, the Chief whose devotion to the quintuplets is known far and wide, Mr. Percy D. Wilson, successor to Mr. Croll, nor Dr. Dafoe before his resignation, for the fifty-three thousand and the fifty-four-thousand-dollar-a-year expenditures that have been made from the Quints' funds—salaries to hospital employees, to their business manager and payment for the maintenance of their hospital-home.

No, the Dionnes are not worried over their famous children's finances. They are worried over the famous children's souls.

The record from the very beginning speaks for itself, too. And, in justice to Dr. Dafoe, I am very glad that I now have an opportunity to emphasize the fact that he did reappear at the farmhouse late in the afternoon—on that first day—when the quintuplets were about twelve hours old. With him he also brought trained nurse Leroux. Not long afterward he appointed Madame Louise de Kiriline, head nurse of the Quints.

Sponsored by the Government, the Red Cross Organization, on reports from the late Inspector William Alderson, in quick co-operation, rushed first aid supplies to the Dionne household. All of which was certainly noble and timely assistance. Nor was it assistance prompted by any ulterior or ignoble motives—even though the babies so aided did in time become a gold mine for the province and for their doctor.

Yet, it was this same Mr. Alderson who, before the *jumelles* were four months old, persuaded the Dionnes "for the good of the Quints" to surrender custody of the children to the Red Cross for two years. And when they got them back, under that arrangement, the children would still be babies, wouldn't they? That's what Elzire said to Oliva.

She said it again at the time of the four-months-old-infants' transfer to the Dafoe Hospital, a bungalow paid for out of Quint earnings and through donations from a Quint-conscious world.

Before the babies even got used to their new surroundings, however, Parliament passed the Act that made Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie wards of the Crown for eighteen years! And what could the parents, poor parents against the State, do except protest?

So a new era began for the Dionnes—the quintuplet era. Letters poured into their home, tourists packed the road and swarmed over their farm. Babies in arms, the Quints were literally exhibited in the arms of nurses who at the same time held up name placards, vaudeville fashion, to show which was which.

Time passed; the crowds got larger; a new, ultra-modern playground, with an observation platform was built to accommodate the crowds. Spectators from the four points of the compass watched the miracle children at play. Day after day, Sunday after Sunday. Year in, year out. And all the while the Dionnes' hearts were breaking. Because of the separation from their children . . . and because of the abusive criticism hurled at them by people who did not know or understand them in the least.

On one occasion, as Elzire, Oliva, and I stood in the tourists' pavilion watching the Quints, Elzire Dionne wondered out loud what would happen to the little girls if the exhibitions continued indefinitely. And if the separation of the *jumelles* from their family lasted much longer.

That was right after the quintuplets' sixth birthday. Now I, almost a year later, wonder the same thing. And I very often think about all my countless tête-à-têtes with the Dionne parents and their Quint daughters, talks that have led to what I am sure will be an everlasting friendship.

But getting back to the most important question, the salient point of this article, even with their very, very Catholic background, innately religious as the famous five seem to be, can they—quintuplets on parade—keep the faith?

WE SHALL see what we shall see, of course. Because of my own faith and my faith in the devout prayerfulness of the Dionne parents, I have the feeling that before too long Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie—the children now begging to go home and to ride to Mass in Papa's car—will be restored to their family. Under some well-worked-out plan that will be satisfactory to the father and the Ontario Government.

That is my feeling. It is also my prayer for the Quints—and for their parents.

The Face

By PHILIP BURKE

THE tumult and the shouting confuse us. The smoke gets in our eyes. The battle smoke. And so we don't see who is winning this war. Now behind Hitler the face of the victor. The sly, evil smile of Stalin, watching Christians do his work, till the fields for his harvest. For every bomb dropped is a bomb dropped for Stalin. No bullet fired but wounds the outstretched hands of Christ.

It is obvious, indisputable, that with every month of this war the struggling nations grow weaker, nearer to bankruptcy, to hunger, to exhaustion, and collapse. Meanwhile, Russia grows relatively stronger, her manpower and munitions and foodstuffs, all her resources husbanded for future use. Russia grows stronger and waits. But not in idleness. Preparing now for the war after this one, the sly hands of Stalin are busy making planes and tanks at home, making trouble in many lands. Those hands ruined Spain, softened France for its fall.

Nor are we neglected. Those hands of Stalin have long been in our factories, in our merchant marine, in our schools, softening us gently for the time to come. Here is a record of one of Stalin's many hands. Jan Valtin, ex-Communist speaking:

"I was to take with me large quantities of propaganda literature to be distributed in all ports of call. Forwarding addresses in San Pedro and San Francisco were agreed upon, for the shipping of further propaganda material in English, Spanish, and Japanese. The Spanish pamphlets were for distribution to Mexicans, to the dockers in Panama and the workers of the Panama Canal Zone. The Japanese material was to go to Honolulu and other places on the Hawaiian Islands. Wherever possible, I was to recruit sympathizing seamen from other ships to

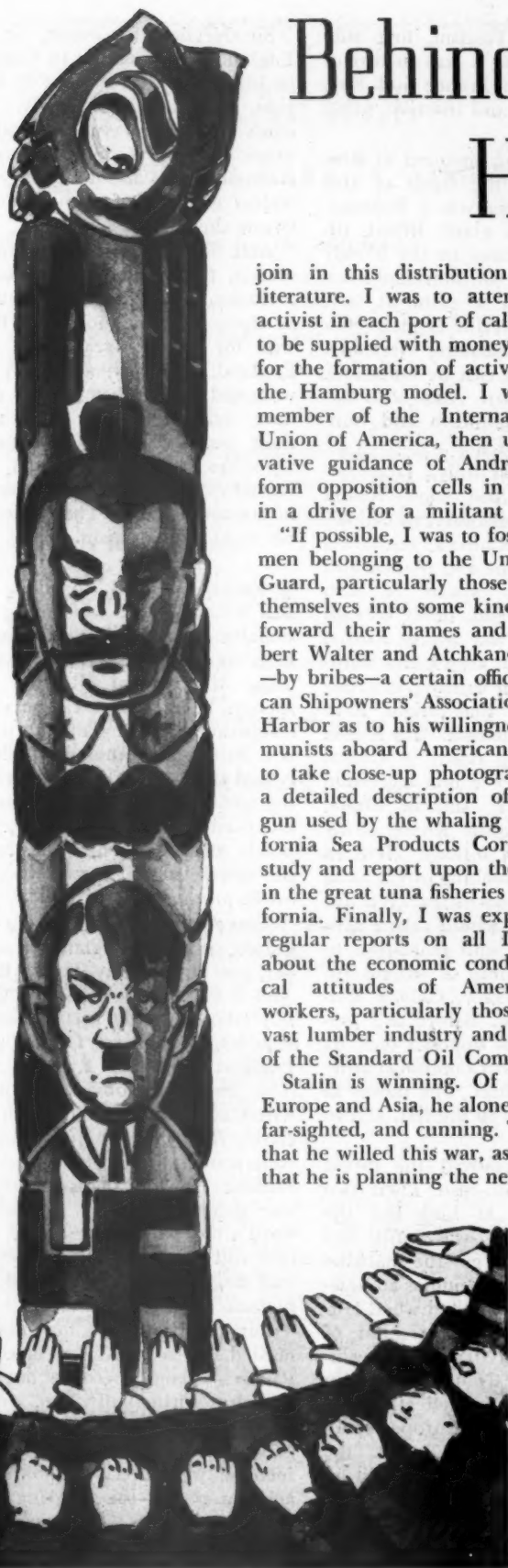
Behind Hitler

join in this distribution of propaganda literature. I was to attempt to find one activist in each port of call reliable enough to be supplied with money and instructions for the formation of activist brigades after the Hamburg model. I was to become a member of the International Seaman's Union of America, then under the conservative guidance of Andrew Furuseth, to form opposition cells in his organization in a drive for a militant class war policy.

"If possible, I was to foster contacts with men belonging to the United States Coast Guard, particularly those who had gotten themselves into some kind of trouble, and forward their names and addresses to 'test'—by bribes—a certain official of the American Shipowners' Association in Los Angeles Harbor as to his willingness to place Communists aboard American ships. I was also to take close-up photographs and furnish a detailed description of a new harpoon gun used by the whaling ships of the California Sea Products Corporation, and to study and report upon the use of airplanes in the great tuna fisheries of Southern California. Finally, I was expected to send in regular reports on all I could find out about the economic conditions and political attitudes of American waterfront workers, particularly those engaged in the vast lumber industry and on the tankships of the Standard Oil Company."

Stalin is winning. Of the statesmen of Europe and Asia, he alone has been shrewd, far-sighted, and cunning. There is evidence that he willed this war, as there is evidence that he is planning the next one. The deep-

lying causes of this war may be many and obscure. But one is not obscure: Communism. For it was in the fear of Communism, it was seeking relief from Communism, that the German and Italian people



first turned to Fascism, first submitted to tyrants. It was in fear of Communism that France and England stood aside and inactive, while Germany armed.

Look back for a moment at Russia's position at the dawn of this evil period. Russia was a floundering and helpless giant, ill-fed, ill-armed, on its knees in the bloody mud of its own revolutions and murders. Russia was a giant at bay, boxed in by powerful enemies. On the west by a rearming Germany, on the south and east by ambitious and militant Japan. And both nations hated Communism and hungered for Russian soil.

Then, in pagan folly, Japan attacked China. And soon Russia stepped softly, cautiously, to China's aid. Organized China's resistance, gave her munitions and planes, and Moscow-trained experts of war. Never too much aid, never enough to force Japan to war against Russia. Just enough aid to keep China fighting, to keep Japan fighting, exhausting the Armies that might have marched against Russia. And Russia won. For, bogged down in China, Japan had to seek a non-aggression pact with Russia. And in China, wherever the Eighth Route Army goes Communism follows. Here in America we are speaking of China as one of the democracies. Wishful thinking, that. It would take a generation of peace and education to make China capable of self-government and democracy. Chiang Kai-shek is a dictator. Before the Japanese war, he was opposed only by the Communists. A Communist army is again defying him. The power in China moves now to the left, and to Stalin.

Thus Stalin removed the threat to the south and east. Then two years ago, when at long last the Nazi war machine was built and oiled and ready to go—the machine that had come into being as an anti-Communist weapon—then when Hitler hesitated on the threshold of Poland, when a civilization hung in the balance, the sly hand of Stalin tipped the scales, nudged Hitler on to the destruction of Europe, to ultimate self-destruction. And the giant got to his feet, hemmed in no longer, in no more danger; the day after this war was declared, the most potentially powerful nation in Europe and Asia.

Sir Nevile Henderson, in 1939 England's ambassador to Germany, in his recent *The Failure of a Mission*, has put it succinctly. "Moscow's chief aim was to embroil Germany and the Western Powers in a common ruin, and to emerge as a *tertius gaudens* of the conflict between them."

And Stalin's plan is working to success. Stalin's dream is becoming a reality. For if this war continues, as there is every indication that it will, for another year; then, when England, Germany, and Italy have wounded each other to the death, have exhausted their wealth and their peoples, then Russia can tip the scales, can pick the winner. Then Russia can ask and receive the price of its active help. That price will be high. Communism.

LOOKING forward to that time, Russia waits, whispering occasionally of its willingness to sell. Here is that whisper, the voice of Tass, the official Russian news agency. "The Soviet Union cannot co-operate with England until there is a British government which really and sincerely will co-operate with the Soviet Union. A peoples' government could formulate peace proposals, effectively defending the people against formal imperialism, and could join the Soviet Union."

There it is, the plan in a paragraph: peace for England by surrender, not to Germany, but to Russia. And if England be obstinate, if English labor stupidly prefers death to serfdom, if neither Germany nor England will pay Russia's price? The answer is obvious. But this writer could not state it with more clarity than has one John Hart, an American citizen who fought for Finland: "Russia plans to keep the war going as long as possible, toward a day when a fresh Red Army can roll over weakened Germany and England to attain world domination."

But that fresh army may never be needed, for as this war bleeds on, Russia's strength becomes not merely, not principally, a military strength. The power of its propaganda, the appeal of its ideology, increase with every day of hunger and misery in the warring states. Russia can say, is whispering now to the workers of the warring nations, "Your capitalistic masters have be-

trayed you; your children to hunger, and your sons to death. Russia alone has protected its workers, given them bread and peace. Russia will give them to you."

If France in prosperity and peace could move to the left, and to a Socialist government that was at very least friendly to Communism, what can be expected of France in despair? When the lid blows off, as it must in time, when hopelessness and misery stir the French people to revolt, will it be to restore to power the French politicians and their mistresses? Will they revolt for a Bourbon king? To what ends and in what manner the French people revolt will be a red page in history.

It would be folly to doubt that the Red agents are busy now in every town in France. In the last twenty years Russia has but perfected its methods. What it did in despairing Germany, it must now be attempting in France. When the German people were beaten and hungry in the final months of the last World War, German Communists under orders from Moscow, banked the fires in German workshops, threw overboard their officers; and with the Red flag flying, brought the fleet back to Hamburg. In the years after the Armistice, while the Germans were struggling for a republic, disguised officers of the Red Army were drilling the German workers, were forming murder gangs and terrorist groups. There were thousands of Communist cells in Germany, all of them controlled from the Kremlin. Then came Hitler, one poison to kill another; a cure that became a disease.

Hitler and Mussolini, against their own wills, and in spite of their grandiose plans, will prove in time, in defeat, but the servants, the recruiting agents of Communism. By turning Christian nation against Christian nation, by leading their peoples to despair and death Fascism has lost its fight against Communism. Against Communism, as this war bleeds to an end, will remain but the Cross.

Meanwhile, our American radicals, our leftist idealists, are sleep-walking. Sleep-walking into the arms of the enemy who plans their awakening. Who plans a world without them. A world that comes nearer with every bomb dropped in Europe. While our fellow travelers talk

in their sleep, a mumbling of catch-words, talk like the lowing of cattle contentedly feeding in trains, rolling along to the slaughter pen.

We can't wake them to reality. Nothing wakes them but a visit to Moscow. The late Hans Zinsner, scientist, teacher, scholar, American radical, woke in Russia, and came back to say this:

"I was acquiring an education, here in Russia, which all my previous experience of death, misery, war, and mass disease had failed to give me. For the terror, cruelty, suppression of all principles of liberty of speech or action, and general perfidy of private and public policy, I was, of course, prepared. I did on entering Russia, however, cling to the hope that underneath these possibly traditional evils there might be a strong idealistic and eventually feasible humane purpose. I cherished this idea as long as I could. But I was not a tourist, and I had a chance to come into unsupervised contact with a large number of people, including ex-aristocrats, railway employees, minor Jewish bureaucrats, former professors, and a few experienced foreigners. And I had a necessarily thorough look-in on one of the government departments. After a month of this, I felt quite satisfied that there was no idealistic Communism, either Marxian or Leninian, in Russia. Whatever may have been the high purpose of the founders, the present state of affairs was a savagely cynical and bloody autocracy maintained by espionage and brutality, utterly inefficient, and rapidly developing—in spite of its internationales—an extreme form of military nationalism."

The hands of Stalin have long been at work among our Negroes. With what success? One cannot know; one can but guess from occasional signs. Here is such a sign. An American Negro poet, singing as he has been taught:

"Good-by, Jesus Christ,
Beat it on away from here now,
Make way for a real guy with no religion at all,
Marx, Communist, Lenin, Peasant,
Stalin, Worker, ME.
Step on the gas, Christ.
The world is mine from now on.
Move!"

Thus to American audiences, recites Langdon Hughes, Negro member of the American Section of Mos-

CARMEL

By SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA

*God carves a cranny for the columbine,
Austere, steep,
Almost inaccessible—
A strange and reticent socket for a sign
Beloved and deep
And inexpressible.*

*All day this rugged landscape will soften because of you,
O exquisite, O inconspicuous, O shy!
All day, bubbling out of the rock, will ripple your blue
Daringly into the sky.*

*Out of all plots, past hedges
So lightly fled,
Tiptoe upon this floor of time and space,
And mountain-bred,
You keep your delicately arrogant place
With heedless grace
There on the higher ledges.*

*I have my sign.
God has His columbine.*

cow's International Union of Revolutionary Writers. Such crude rhythmic blasphemy speaks for itself. And for Stalin. It is Stalin's promise to us all, which we can't hear for the thunder of cannon, and the war cries of Christians killing Christians.

This is no wail of final despair. We have time to prepare, if we will. Here in America we are in no immediate danger from the Red Army. Russia plans first the Soviet States of Europe. Russia is years away from a successful military invasion of the Americas. First must be completed the stealthy invasion that is going on now; first Russia must weaken us with internal dissension, must control our labor unions and capture our schools. It is there, in our unions, in our schools, in the minds of Americans, that the battle for democracy will be won or lost.

This is no cry for appeasement.

This writer believes with the majority of his fellow Americans in swift and complete preparedness; in unafraid, uncompromising opposition to the men and powers who seek to prove in the light of burning cities, to write in blood, that might makes right. This article is but a reminder that before the evil of Fascism existed the evil of Communism. That after the evil of Fascism will remain the evil of Communism. Fascism itself was an answer to Communism. The wrong answer. It remains for us now to make the right answer. And we will not make it in hysteria, in a happy excitement of hating, in rejoicing in the hunger of children, anywhere.

Every American who kneels to God, who rises from his knees to serve loyally his nation, who this day obeys the Commandments of God—he makes the right answer. All others serve Stalin.



HE west-bound train raced through great deserts and into the awesome depths of a purple-shadowed gulch,

where centuries-old trees towered above and were surmounted by centuries-old rocks, the exposed surfaces of which had turned dull green, rose, gold, and rust from exposure to aeons of sweeping storms.

Ellenrose Lang, the gold wedding band still new to her finger, looked out at the gigantic scenery and felt dwarfed by it.

"We'll pass through miles of this," Eric said excitedly. "I love it, and I know you'll learn to like it too, Ellenrose. You'll like the little town of Hondo with its flowers, company houses, the hotel, stores, post office and even the sheriff's booth which no one ever occupies. It doesn't even have bars on the windows."

"What, no crime in Hondo?" Ellenrose exclaimed.

Solemnly, Eric shook his head. "The inhabitants haven't time for it!" His sun-browned forehead puckered a little. "It won't be exciting like New York, darling, but—"

"Wherever you are is exciting, Eric," Ellenrose said. "I wouldn't want to be in New York without you."

She meant every word of it. New York had been kind to Ellenrose Brian. Her quaint first name, which ran together into one word, had stood impressively in sparkling lights, and people had paid to see her act, or just to look at her, because it wouldn't have mattered whether she could act or not—she was so lovely in a dark, blue-eyed way, and so utterly unimpressed by being lovely.

Eric Lang, tall, wind-burned, and with dark eyes which contradicted his light hair, had vacationed in the big city, had paid his way in to see Ellenrose in some late Broadway play, and she'd never had a moment's peace thereafter. She hadn't married him that first year, because she hadn't been sure she could give up her career, and Eric had left New York for the wild and turbulent Hondo River district. The moment his train

Eric and Ellenrose Were Mistaken When They Thought That Life in Hondo Would Not Be Exciting

(A short story in two parts. Part 1)

had pulled out of the station, Ellenrose Brian had known definitely that it was Eric she couldn't give up, not her foolish career, and she had wired him, explaining. That hadn't remedied her mistake at once. Eric had work to do. Eric was looking for a way to span the dangerous, defiant Hondo River and open out an important roadway to the south, a strategic roadway.

He had found the right place, at last, and while other engineers were checking his discovery, he snatched enough time to fly to New York for Ellenrose. There had been an impressive church wedding at St. Mary's, and now Ellenrose and her husband were coming to Hondo Basin, which would be home to them until one bridge was finished and another river found which needed spanning.

"I wired ahead the time of our arrival," Eric said. "Walter Evhert, a fellow engineer, asked me before I left that I let him meet us. He has a nice place half a mile from ours."

"Married?" Eleanor asked, quickly interested.

"Bachelor," Eric answered, "but he has everything—a nice home,

want the care of a place to tie them down. He could stay at the hotel with less bother, but"—Eric shrugged, "it's his own business."

A wild sweep of storm cloud had turned the northwestern sky into a dull orange flame as the train pulled into Hondo with its pale yellow, frame station.

"It won't be like this a few years from now," Eric apologized. "With the bridge completed, tourists will come by the thousands. Hondo itself will be a big resort, and all the country beyond will be opened up."

"How long will it take to build the bridge?" Ellenrose inquired.

Eric didn't answer at once. The strained, worried look came back into his dark eyes. "Two years, perhaps," he said, "maybe longer." He hesitated a long time before he went on, and then his voice was troubled. "I hope nothing has gone wrong since I left," he said. "Some of them have been opposing the project, you know, but I left them fairly convinced that the river could be spanned. Walter doesn't think so, however." Eric's face was very set, very serious. "I've had to fight him every inch of the way, and yet—he's

Bridge across the

BY

beautiful gardens, a swimming pool, and a tennis court. He has the most pretentious place in the vicinity, and what's more he owns it."

"Maybe he has plans," Ellenrose suggested hopefully. "It would be nice if there would be a Mrs. Evhert to keep me company."

Eric shook his head. "Afraid not! He's a confirmed bachelor with peculiarities. Most single men don't

my best friend. He thinks the whole thing is foolhardy. He thinks that Hondo waters will never tolerate a bridge, but it isn't so!"

Ellenrose was scarcely listening. Her mind was tracking down a problem of its own by the time Eric had finished talking. "Why should Walter Evhert buy a home in Hondo, a pretentious home," she asked, "if he doesn't believe in the future of the

country? Hondo won't amount to anything, will it, if the bridge doesn't open up the country beyond?"

Eric smiled. "Sportsmen like Evhert aren't born empire builders," he explained. "He isn't interested in tourists and government projects. In a way, his engineering profession is rather paradoxical. It's his business to open up new territory, but emotionally he's against that sort of thing. He wants Hondo Basin to remain slightly primitive so he can hunt, fish, and ride in it. Further development will ruin his wilderness."

"Seems selfish," Ellenrose commented, "and yet—I can see how a person might want to keep a place unchanged. It's beautiful, Eric."

"Beautiful and wild," he echoed, "but it will have to be tamed a little, in spite of poor Walter."

The deepening orange of the sunset sent golden-red dust whirling from the tires of an automobile which sped down Hondo's unpaved streets and came to a noiseless stop in front of the little depot.

A tall, almost gaunt young man in meticulous white, jumped from the car, and came hurrying across the platform toward them. Eric grinned, thrust forth his hand, and turned quickly. "Ellenrose, this is Walter Evhert. My wife, Walter," he announced proudly.

Evhert turned deep-set, light-gray eyes on Ellenrose—penetrating, searching eyes. In one not-too-prolonged glance, she felt diagnosed, la-

Hondo

F. B. RUSSELL

beled, and put in the "beautiful but dumb" section of some meticulously arranged shelf. That done, well-pleased and casual, Evhert smiled at her charmingly. "You are," he said, "without doubt, the most beautiful woman I have seen in years, and Eric is the luckiest man."

Eric grinned boyishly, and Ellenrose was pleased. She wanted to be liked by Eric's friends. She was hap-



Ellenrose answered bewilderingly question after question. "What was in the envelope she had handed to Mr. Wagner? Where did she get the envelope?"

py that the first person she had met in Hondo Basin had approved of her. It was a good start.

"You're to have dinner with me," Evhert said graciously, and as Ellenrose started to protest that it would be too much trouble, he lifted his hand in a silencing gesture. "No trouble at all," he insisted. "My man, Robert, is expecting guests. He'll have dinner ready by the time we get there."

The long twilight lent a dusty blue enchantment to a long sweep of garden that was half forest, half cul-

tivated species of semi-tropical trees and flowers.

"Walter took advantage of nature here," Eric explained while Ellenrose admired. "He literally carved a paradise out of a jungle wilderness."

Evhert laughed brusquely, and Ellenrose thought quickly that even his laughter was measured and business-like. "I only cleared out wild grapevine and planted ornamental vines," he commented. "I also cleared the trees where they were too thick. But here," he indicated with a sweep of the hand, "I've tamed the place."

Before them swept a hedged garden, as well kept and planned as a

Illustrated by MAE BURKE

gentleman's estate in Sussex. It was incredibly lovely in the blue twilight, with its lush lawns, carefully clipped hedges and beds of brilliant flowers.

From a delighted survey of this unexpected beauty, Ellenrose glanced up to find Walter Evhert watching her intently, his pale eyes half-closed, speculation in his glance. She shivered slightly.

"You're cold, Mrs. Lang," he said with quick perception. "The air gets sharp after sundown." His glance was now filled with warmth, and he smiled like a benignant parent as Eric wrapped his arms around Ellenrose and hurried her into the house where Evhert ordered a fire built in the fireplace—"more for the cheer of its light than for any actual warmth it will generate," he explained lightly.

Not ordinarily over-observant, Ellenrose took in every detail of the house, the silver candle-holders on the broad mantel, the fine rugs and prints, and the view of a polished and beautifully carved stairway that led to upper bedrooms, no doubt.

Shortly, Evhert showed Ellenrose to an exquisite guest room, with bath adjoining, where she could freshen up from her ride on the train, and taking Eric in charge, he walked down the hall to his own room. With a feeling of guilt, Ellenrose watched them through a crack in the door, until that other door had closed behind them. It was silly, she knew, but she felt vaguely uneasy by herself, and she wanted to know exactly where Eric was.

Robert served an excellent dinner, complete with wines, and shortly after it was over, Evhert himself suggested that his guests might like to leave early.

"It may seem that I am trying to hurry you," he said, smiling directly at Ellenrose, "but my only thought is that you must be tired and anxious to get settled. My man will drive you."

Robert, fair and rather dour-looking, drove silently through a heavily wooded area to the little house which Eric had rented for his bride. Eric waited until the car was moving swiftly away before he spoke.

"I should never have permitted Walter to take us to his mansion before you saw our home," he said ruefully. "You'll be disappointed now, Ellenrose. It's really only a play-

house compared to Evhert's place."

He turned the key in the lock, and before Ellenrose knew what he was going to do, he had picked her up and stepped with her over the threshold. "So that you'll never, never leave me!" he said as he put her down.

There was a noticeable expansion of his broad shirtfront at Ellenrose's little cry of pleasure. "But Eric, darling!" she said. "It's precious—it's lovely. I—I'm going to be very happy here." A bright tear welled from the inner corner of her eye and traced a

premonition of impending trouble which had assailed Ellenrose was soon dimmed. True, Eric retained the initial worry which had bothered her so on their trip to Hondo. True, Walter Evhert was aligned against him, but only professionally, and without venom. When Eric and Evhert met with other engineers and authorities to discuss the project, Evhert was the chief opponent, and his eloquent reasoning did material damage, serious damage.

Henry Wagner, the government engineer who had flown from Wash-



It was silly, she knew, but she felt vaguely uneasy by herself, and she wanted to know exactly where Eric was

wet path along her small nose, for that was the way with Ellenrose. She cried when she was very happy, and when she was sad, or when she was frightened, she became very tense, white, and quiet. She had had to overcome that on the stage, but now—now it didn't matter. "I've always wanted to—to c-cry when I'm happy!" she explained to Eric, "and now—I—I can. I'm so—so happy!"

That first uneasiness, that first

ington to consider the project, took up the discussion. "Of course, you all know that the Hondo Bridge would be of considerable importance," he said. "If there is any possible way to make a success of it we'll spend all the money needed. The bridge would open up a number of strategic key positions for us in connection with our national defense program, and save us thousands of dollars ultimately as well as time for the moving

of equipment." He paused a little and looked from one face to the other. "We wouldn't want to spend all that money on a doomed project," he finished.

"That's just the point," Evhert cut in quickly. "The bridge would be doomed by nature, by erosion. It wouldn't stand up if completed. I'm sorry, Eric."

Henry Wagner's quick gray eyes swept from Eric's face to Evhert's, and back again to Eric's. "Wait for me in the inner office, Eric," he said. "I want to talk to you. I want to know exactly why you are so determined that the project could be completed without loss of time, effort, life, perhaps, and material."

ERIC had told Ellenrose about the importance of that meeting, and she was waiting excitedly for its outcome, when Evhert himself stopped by.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Eric isn't here."

"I know," Evhert answered smoothly. "I wanted to talk to you. Mrs. Lang, I want you to see if you can dissuade Eric. He's younger than most of us, and hot-headed. He doesn't realize what disillusionment can mean. He sees visions and thinks he can make them tangible, but—"

"You are sure he's wrong?" she interrupted.

Walter Evhert's voice was soft and mellow. "I know he's wrong, Mrs. Lang, and I hate to see him hurt. He's such an idealist and failure could be pretty serious for him, particularly such a failure as the Hondo project must be if attempted. It would undoubtedly wash him up as an engineer. I feel that it is only just that I warn you, Mrs. Lang."

He left then, and in spite of the casual warmth of his voice, the smile on his lips, the friendliness that had flowed from him, Ellenrose felt chilled. There was something slightly sinister and threatening about Evhert—something dangerous.

Half an hour later, Eric came home, his face bright with triumph, and the excitement of knowing that now he might go ahead. "The responsibility for the success or failure of the bridge rests with me," he said, "but I don't mind. I'm not afraid."

"Evhert was here," Ellenrose said. "He asked me to dissuade you."

Eric laughed. "I stopped by and talked to Walt," he said. "He's a

good scout—stubborn, perhaps almost as stubborn as I am, but he won't try to block me now that the decision is definite. He'll string along. We had a drink, and he drank to the bridge. A funny guy, Evhert, but he certainly likes you and that squares him with me."

Ellenrose sighed with deep relief. "I'm glad he has given in," she said. "Somehow it worried me."

Actual construction work started almost at once, and Hondo Basin swarmed with working men, some of whom arrived in trailers, and brought their families with them. It was all new and exciting to Ellenrose, exciting but not exactly new to Eric.

Walter Evhert maintained an attitude of amused superiority concerning the bustling activity over the Hondo. He invited Ellenrose and Eric over for dinner, for tennis, for a game of bridge more frequently than they cared to go, much more, but then, Evhert had given in rather graciously, for all his condescending tolerance, and the Langs appreciated it. To show their appreciation they returned his invitations as often as possible, so that to Ellenrose, who was beginning to dream wistfully about an evening alone with Eric, it seemed that Evhert was either entertaining them, or they were entertaining him, and always his light eyes watched her with unconcealed admiration.

Tonight he was having dinner with them, and when he came he carried a large, heavy, brown envelope under his arm. "Henry Wagner is going to fly down tomorrow, Eric," he said, "and I have to be away for a day or two. I wonder if you'd mind giving him this envelope?"

After dinner he insisted on opening the envelope and showing them its contents—photographic contents.

"Man!" Eric exclaimed. "It must have taken some doing to get these!" He held up an exquisite shot of a doe and fawn at the water's edge, their alert ears straight, their eyes soft pools of startled indecision.

"They heard the click of the shutter," Evhert said, "but they didn't run—they stood frozen, listening, and I had time to make another shot."

He showed this to them also, and Ellenrose gave a little cry of admiration. There was a change in the picture. The two animals stood rigid,

fear naked in their eyes, and she knew without being told, that the next second had found them plunging deep into the forest.

Evhert showed them unbelievable pictures of birds and small animals, pictures which showed the artistry and attention to detail of the photographer.

"It must have taken patience to take these," Ellenrose said. "I could never have stayed still long enough."

Walter Evhert's light eyes were on her, and he smiled strangely, and in a way that brought that quick, frightened pulsing at her throat. "I can stay still an indefinite length of time," he said. "I have waited quietly for hours, without moving, to get what I wanted."

He placed the pictures back in the package, sealed it and placed it on the small table in the living room. "Henry will be glad to get these," he said. "He's quite enthusiastic in his nature studies."

He rose then, and left, and the purr of his engine was so light, that in a few seconds all the sounds of his departure were muted.

Ellenrose couldn't get Walter Evhert out of her mind, and long after Eric had dropped off to sleep she lay in the soft darkness thinking, until drowsiness half-dulled her senses. It was a muted, sliding sound in the darkness which brought her upright in bed with a jerk that roused Eric.

"Wh-what is it?" he mumbled sleepily. In another second, he too, was sitting upright. "What's wrong, Ellenrose?" he whispered. "Did you hear something?"

"Dreaming," she murmured, "dreaming, I guess. I thought I did, but now—it seems silly."

He put his arms around her and for awhile they listened, until Eric swayed with weariness and his blond head dropped forward sleepily. Ellenrose laughed softly to herself. He was so like a child. Gently, she eased him back toward the pillows, and it was then that she thought she heard the noise again, but she wasn't sure, not sure at all, because of the funny, garbled noises Eric was making in his sleep. Again, she listened in the dark to an unbroken silence that gradually lulled her into sleep.

RAIN swept Hondo Basin the next morning, a hard, driving rain, accompanied by blasting gales of wind that sent the water in solid

sheets across the gorge, and filled its depths with a cottony gray fog.

It was not until after Eric had left for the office that Ellenrose remembered the sounds in the night, furtive sounds, as though a window had been lifted carefully and as carefully closed again.

She went through the house, examining window after window, with no results. Outside, rivers of brown water flooded flower beds and drained down walks. Outside the earth was washed clear of any footsteps which might have been made, except for the long, gashing slides Eric had taken on his way from the door to the garage.

The package Walter Evhert had left for Henry Wagner still stood on the table, and Ellenrose moved it to the bookshelf while she dusted. Eric called to tell her Henry Wagner was on his way to pick the envelope up, that he had overlooked it this morning on his way out.

It was still raining hard when Wagner came, and dark, white capped clouds hung heavily above the river gorge which was still filled with fog. They talked a little while, and Henry Wagner had coffee in the living room to stave off a little of the chill that had settled with the storm. In a very brief while he rose to go, and Ellenrose handed him the envelope.

After watching him pick his way carefully through overflowing puddles and across gushing rivulets to his car, she sat down to read. It was too wet and chill for gardening or walking, and her housework was done. However, she could catch up with her reading. There would always be that to do.

ELLENROSE did not hear the cars drive up, nor any footsteps. There was only that sudden, loud knocking on the door, which startled her so that she dropped her book and let it stay where it had fallen.

Sheriff Madden, Walter Evhert, and Henry Wagner came in, and two other men whom Ellenrose didn't recognize—men with government badges and credentials.

"We're sorry, Mrs. Lang," Sheriff Madden said apologetically, "but we'll have to search your house."

"But why?" she asked, her eyes incredulous. "Why? Where's Eric? I don't understand—"

"Eric," Sheriff Madden said hesi-

tantly, "is being held for questioning."

One of the government men led a horror-frozen Ellenrose to a chair, and made her sit down. He drew another chair up close, and while his companion and Sheriff Madden searched the house thoroughly, Walter Evhert and Henry Wagner stood by, listening silently, while Ellenrose answered bewildering question after question. "What was in the envelope she had handed to Mr. Wagner? Where did she get this envelope? How did she know what was in it? When had she last seen the envelope and when its contents? Was she certain the envelope delivered to Mr. Wagner was the one Mr. Evhert had given her husband? Had she seen any similar envelopes about the house?"

Something had gone terribly wrong, Ellenrose knew, and it had to do with the envelope Walter Evhert had left with Eric, but her questioner wasn't giving her any helpful information. It was then that she remembered those sounds in the night. She must tell about them. They might be important. Quickly she explained to the investigator, and he listened without interruption, courteously, but when she was through, Ellenrose was appalled by the knowing look that went from the government man to Evhert and from Evhert to Henry Wagner. They didn't believe what she had said about the noise. They had expected her to say something like that to protect Eric.

When the others returned from their fruitless search, Ellenrose's inquisitor rose.

"But you can't go without telling me anything," she cried out. "I must know about Eric!"

"Eric Lang," the government investigator said evenly, and with no show of emotion, "is being held pending further investigation into his activities. The envelope which you delivered to Mr. Wagner through error contained information of a dangerous and traitorous nature, Mrs. Lang, and a letter signed by your husband delivering this information to the agent of a foreign power. Obviously, you delivered the wrong envelope!"

"But there was only one envelope which Mr. Evhert left," Ellenrose protested. "I couldn't have delivered the wrong envelope."

"It wasn't the same envelope, Mrs. Lang," Walter Evhert said evenly.

"It couldn't have been. My envelope had pictures in it—harmless pictures. You remember them. The envelope Henry opened was filled with maps and plans which would permit fifth columnists to sabotage the whole Hondo River project at an immense loss of time, money, and perhaps life. I'm terribly sorry," he added, "and if I can help you personally in any way, I'm sure you'll come to me. I urge you to, Mrs. Lang."

"May I see Eric?" she begged.

"Yes," Sheriff Madden told her, "but not alone."

She didn't remember that trip to town very well, except that she went in Sheriff Madden's car with the government men, while Evhert went with Henry Wagner.

ERIC had been made as comfortable as possible in the jail cubicle. Sheriff Madden had seen to that. In a moment, Ellenrose was in his arms, a dry-eyed Ellenrose whose face was white and tense. "What can I do, Eric?" she asked. "I must do something to help you."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know. They don't believe anything I say, and besides I can't explain away that envelope."

"The envelope I gave Mr. Wagner was the one Walter Evhert left with us," Ellenrose said slowly. "They've accused me of—delivering the wrong envelope, but I didn't." Her blue eyes looked straight at Eric, and there was deep trouble in them. "Eric, Henry Wagner must have changed the contents of the envelope."

Eric sat down on the edge of the narrow bed and buried his face in his hands. "It couldn't be that," he said hopelessly. "I wouldn't want it to be. Henry's my friend. He was my father's friend."

He lifted his head so that he could look at her, and the despair in his eyes tortured Ellenrose. "Henry almost broke down when they picked me up," Eric added. "He wasn't acting. His shock and grief were sincere, but Henry is loyal to his sense of duty and honesty. He had to turn that envelope over to the proper authorities when he saw what was in it."

"Time is up, Mrs. Lang," the listening guard said, and in another moment Ellenrose was out in the midst of a storm which had continued into the afternoon.

(Concluded in the next issue)



WOMAN *G* WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

Dr. Potter on Religious Training

IN THESE days when nations are going to smash, when the money that people pay in taxes goes for destruction and death instead of for construction and life, it does seem as if a certain portion of our citizenry could let up on the subject of religious teaching in the public schools.

They don't. They are as busy as ever. The head of the Humanist Society in New York City, Dr. Potter, thinks such teaching will only create further friction between the religious sects. When one child goes to a synagogue during this hour of instruction and another goes to a Protestant, and a third to a Catholic church, he feels it will by no means act as an antidote to intolerance, but will "impress on the susceptible minds of children the fact of religious differences." They will ask why they can't all go to one religious school instead.

Well, I think that when children begin asking that it will be a very good thing. Besides, nowadays, the matter of different sects in the Christian faith is something many children have never even heard of. In fact many of them don't even know the facts of faith common to many sects. Perhaps all of them are not so ill taught as the little colored boy who hadn't heard about Jesus' death and didn't even know He was sick, or the miner who didn't know of Christ—anyway was sure he had never worked in any of his mines. But there are many who know little more.

Dr. Potter says that not half the children will attend, and that also will create friction. Well, that is a fine thing too, for friction produces fire, and maybe some of the children will warm themselves at it. We need some fire in religion.

Besides, a child is essentially a very conservative being. If the rest of the class wears knickers, he will feel like an outcast in shorts. If more than half the school goes to religious instruction once a week, the rest of them will want to go somewhere too—unless, of course, people like Mr. Potter get too fussily busy and make them or their parents think the whole thing is foolishness or worse.

Some Occasions of Conversion

MANY a convert has come into the Catholic Faith because somewhere in his life he went into a Catholic church with a friend for Mass or Benediction, or to attend a requiem for someone he knew. Sometimes it begins even earlier—perhaps, for instance, a nurse takes her charge into a church. The head of one of our im-

portant Orders for women had that happen to her. The family maid took the ten-year-old girl with her one afternoon to Benediction. The child was bored by words she could not understand until she looked up to see a priest standing in the front of the church, facing her, holding a great golden circle with something white in the center, and she felt a warmth and a thrill go through her—so deep a warmth that when she got home she took the toys out of her little playroom, put some flowers and candles and books on a table at one end, and then knelt down on the floor in front of it to get back again that wonderful feeling she had had in church. It was some years before she realized that it took more than flowers, candles, and books to make a true faith. There are some people who never learn it is anything more than these. She did.

There was one convert who stood watching a Catholic procession and saw the Blessed Sacrament carried past. He had been at no time interested in religion, but within six months he was received into the Catholic Church. His conversion was very sudden—a little like Saul's, in fact. As the monstrance passed him he had seen the face of Our Lord looking at him from its center, he said.

No, I don't think there will be much friction caused, and what there is will be valuable. And I also think that some years from now we shall hear of more than one conversion which had its beginning when a child went to a Catholic instruction period, slipping in when no one was looking. And as for Dr. Potter and his well-meaning humanists, they make me think of a trenchant phrase of Kierkegaard's: "Our times are not satisfied with faith—not even with the miracle of changing water into wine. They go further; they change the wine into water."

Tribute to the Church

AGAINST such fears as Dr. Potter's it is pleasant to place the forthright tribute of Thomas Hunter in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. He is a non-Catholic and his praise is of the Church. "Wars and revolutions," he says, "cannot shake it nor man's most frantic atheisms. It lived through the overthrow of the Roman Empire, the rise of Mohammedanism, the Tartar invasions. When I hear politicians talking of the overthrow of Christian civilization, I look at the Roman Catholic Church and am comforted. You can persecute it, but you can't kill it. Stalin and Stalinism are but a passing incident. The Church's bell will ring again from the Kremlin."



Panel from the WPA mural by Edward Loring in the New York Public Library
Gutenberg and his famous printed copy of the Bible

THE past few years constitute a most critical period in the history of Western civilization. Europe is engaged in a suicidal war. Our civilization and our culture seem doomed to extinction.

Throughout this crisis a group of Catholic scholars have been quietly laboring on a revision of the English New Testament. It would seem that the Church is not fully aware of the catastrophe threatening the world. To a cynical observer she might appear like a doddering old lady rummaging through her dusty scrapbooks while her house is falling to pieces about her.

The Church is used to crises. She knows that there is only one salvation for Christian civilization: a return to the principles of its Founder. With this revision of the New Testament, she is focusing the attention

of America on the divine prescription for the ills of humanity, individual, social and national: the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a striking and significant fact, certainly more than a mere coincidence, that in every crisis of Western civilization the Church has issued a revision of the Bible. The Spirit of God, directing the Church, uses these revisions to summon the world to a consideration of the doctrine of Christ, which made our civilization and which alone can save it.

The New Testament was written under divine inspiration to guide mankind to its eternal destiny. Since Christ has commissioned His Church to teach all nations, He has appointed her the guardian and interpreter of all the inspired Scriptures, the source book, together with tradition, of all public, divine revelation. Conscious of her responsibility, the Church has ever striven to give her children vernacular editions of the Bible, which faithfully reproduce the original texts. The new American revision is the fruit of her latest effort to place in the hands of the laity an accurate and intelligible translation of the New Testament. With this revision the Church once again vindicates her title "Custodian of God's Inspired Word" and offers a practical refutation of the age-old calumny leveled against her that she with-

holds the Bible from her children. The first translation of any part of the New Testament was the Greek version of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. About twenty years after the death and resurrection of Our Blessed Lord, St. Matthew, the converted tax-collector of Capharnaum, wrote the story of Jesus' life for the Jewish Christians of Palestine. This first Gospel was written in Aramaic, a Semitic dialect akin to Hebrew, and the language of Palestine of that period. Since Aramaic was spoken only in the Semitic districts of the Near East, Matthew's Gospel was soon translated into Greek, the universal language of the then civilized world. These first translations were oral, the work of Christian missionaries who used Matthew's Gospel in preaching to Greek-speaking audiences. The Greek version was committed to writing probably before the close of the first century, A.D.

Meanwhile the Gospels according to Mark, Luke, and John, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse had been written in Greek.

With the decline of Greek as the common medium of expression there arose the necessity of translating the Greek New Testament into the various vernaculars.

By the fourth century there were so many Latin translations of the New Testament, the work, in many instances, of unskilled translators, that St. Jerome complained to Pope St. Damasus: "If we are told we must trust the Latin copies, then let people tell us which ones, for there are almost as many different versions as copies." The need of a revision was imperative. (It must be pointed out that none of the variations in the text of the New Testament affects any passage that is of dogmatic importance. The extant Greek codices of the New Testament, for example, exhibit about 200,000 variant readings, while there are only about 150,000 words in the New Testament. Yet not one of these variants affects the text substantially.)

of America on the divine prescription for the ills of humanity, individual, social and national: the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a striking and significant fact, certainly more than a mere coincidence, that in every crisis of Western civilization the Church has issued a revision of the Bible. The Spirit of God, directing the Church, uses these revisions to summon the world to a consideration of the doctrine of Christ, which made our civilization and which alone can save it.

New Testament

By RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

In 382 A.D., when the Goths were hammering at the frontiers of Rome and the decadent civilization of the Empire was in its death agony, Pope St. Damasus commissioned St. Jerome to revise the Latin New Testament by correcting it from the best Greek manuscripts. In the Providence of God this revision of St. Jerome was destined to play an important role in the Christianizing of the barbarian conquerors of the Empire.

The fruit of St. Jerome's labor was the Vulgate New Testament, that is, the Latin New Testament of the "common" or "popular" (vulgata) edition. The value of St. Jerome's revision is unquestioned. Our oldest, extant Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, Codex Vaticanus and Codex Sinaiticus, were written in the fourth century, A. D. Since St. Jerome asserts that he consulted only ancient Greek codices, he certainly used manuscripts that were far closer to the original autographs than any we now possess. Adolph Harnack, the "higher critic," admits that not one of our extant Greek codices so closely approximates the original New Testament text as does St. Jerome's Vulgate.

St. Jerome's work received the highest possible commendation on April 8, 1546, when the Fathers of the Council of Trent decreed that the Vulgate is an "authentic" version and should be used in all public lectures, disputations, and sermons. By this decree the Church guarantees the fidelity of St. Jerome's translation and its substantial identity with the original text.

Many centuries had elapsed between the publication of St. Jerome's version in the fourth century and the decree of Trent in the sixteenth century. During those thousand and more years the Vulgate had a very checkered history. It was copied and recopied thousands of times. For a long period the pre-Vulgate, Old Latin versions, continued in use. Copyists were tempted to write the old familiar readings in the margins

of their manuscripts of St. Jerome's Vulgate. Inevitably, a number of these marginal notes slipped into the text. With the invention of printing, these "corrupted" copies of the Vulgate were multiplied and perpetuated. A revision of the Vulgate was therefore necessary; not a correction of St. Jerome's work, but a restoration of the text to the state in which it had issued from his pen. So the Fathers of Trent further decreed that an "emended" text of the Vulgate should be published as soon as possible. This was to be the Church's answer to the prejudiced Bibles of the Reformers.

A number of scholars immediately began this laborious work. In 1568 Sixtus V became Pope and immediately pushed forward the work of revision. The Sixtine Vulgate was published in 1590. This revision was not considered satisfactory, so the following year Pope Gregory XIV appointed a commission to revise the text of Sixtus' Bible. St. Robert Bellarmine, the learned Jesuit cardinal, was a member of this commission. Finally in 1592, in the reign of Pope Clement VIII, the work of revision was completed and the so-called Clementine Vulgate was published. A second and a third edition were published in 1593 and in 1598. This revision is the official Bible of the Church.

Contrary to general belief, the Bible was translated into English long before the Reformation. Venerable Bede (673-735 A.D.) translated at least the Gospels into Anglo-Saxon. In 1380 the Vulgate New Testament was translated into English. For centuries this translation was attributed to the heretic Wycliffe, but most modern scholars admit that the so-called Wycliffe version is really a pre-Reformation, Catholic translation.

In the wake of England's revolt from Catholic unity there appeared many new translations of the Bible, all infected with a strong anti-Catholic bias. The need of an English Catholic version was imperative. The professors of the English Catholic

College and Seminary at Douai, Belgium, undertook this task. The translation of the New Testament was chiefly the work of Gregory Martin. He was assisted by William Allen (later created cardinal by Sixtus V), Richard Bristow, and Thomas Worthington. The New Testament was published at Rheims, France, in 1582.

Of the value of the Rheims New Testament there can be no doubt. The basic text of the translation was the Latin Vulgate. As has been observed, the Vulgate is closer to the original New Testament than any of our extant Greek manuscripts. So the Protestant scholar W. F. Moulton writes in his *History of the English Bible*: "The Latin translation, being derived from manuscripts more ancient than any we now possess, is frequently a witness of the highest value in regard to the Greek text which was current in the earliest times, and its testimony is in many cases confirmed by Greek manuscripts which have been discovered since the sixteenth century. Hence we may expect to find that the Rheims New Testament frequently anticipates the judgment of later scholars as to the presence or absence of certain words, clauses, or even verses."

Unfortunately, the Rheims translation followed the Latin idiom too slavishly. It was cumbered with Latinisms which must have sounded strange and awkward to English ears. Thus: "For our wrestling is . . . against Princes and Potestats, against the rectors of the world of this darkness, against the spirituals of wickedness in the celestials." (Eph. 6:12) "But he exinanited himself." (Phil. 2:7).

In 1611, the English Protestant King James Version was published. The majestic, idiomatic English of this version emphasized the necessity of correcting the current Catholic Rheims-Douai Bible. Bishop Richard Challoner, Vicar Apostolic of the London district, undertook the work of revision. Between 1749 and 1777 six editions of his revised New Tes-

tament were published. All subsequent English Catholic Bibles are reprints, with various linguistic corrections and changes, of Challoner's revision.

It is difficult to determine the principles that guided Challoner in his revision. His aim was to clothe the Rheims translation in modern English and to revise its text according to the Clementine Vulgate. Challoner certainly rendered English-speaking Catholics a good and necessary service, but his revision was too drastic. The changes he introduced—aside from the purely linguistic modifications—seem to have been frequently influenced by the Protestant King James Version. Subsequent editors and publishers of Challoner's Bible have made matters worse by arbitrary "corrections."

For many years the need of a revision has been keenly felt. During the last century, Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick of Baltimore published several editions of a revised Rheims-Douai Bible. It was proposed to make Kenrick's version the "authentic" American Catholic Bible, but the matter was dropped. A revision of the Challoner Bible was also proposed by the English Bishops assembled in synod at Oscott in 1855. Cardinal Newman was invited to undertake the work. He began with great enthusiasm, but was soon forced to discontinue because of lack of co-operation.

The new revision which will be released this month was first proposed by the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The study of the New Testament in Discussion Clubs organized by the Confraternity emphasized the urgency of an improved English translation.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. William L. Newton, S.S.D., General Secretary of the Editorial Board of the Revision Committee, has made public the principles and method of the new revision in a paper published in the Proceedings of the Catholic Biblical Association of America, and, more recently, in a series of articles in the *Ecclesiastical Review*.

The revision was initiated and directed by the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, through its chairman, the Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, DD., Bishop of Kansas City, Mo. In 1936 a Board of Revisers, composed of

twenty qualified Biblical scholars, was organized. The books of the New Testament were apportioned among these twenty scholars. The individual reviser worked only on the book assigned to him. Every reviser chose another qualified Biblical scholar to act as his critic. A set of principles to serve the revisers as a guide was drawn up. After amendment and approval by the Revision Committee, these principles were submitted for discussion to a group of forty-five Biblical scholars assembled in New York in 1936 for the establishment of the Catholic Biblical Association. Counsel was also sought of the Secretary of the Pontifical Biblical Commission and of several Roman scholars.

WITHIN a year the revisers had finished their work. Their manuscripts were then submitted to an Editorial Board, composed of seventeen prominent Biblical scholars. For the purpose of obtaining further constructive criticism, the proposed revised text of the Gospel according to St. John was published privately and sent to three hundred professors of Scripture in the various English-speaking countries. When the Editorial Board had completed its work and was satisfied with the result, the entire revision was submitted to special editors for a complete recheck.

This process of editing and re-editing, to which the individual reviser's work has been subjected during the past four years, testifies eloquently to the painstaking accuracy of the scholars engaged in the revision. Everything humanly possible has been done to make this revision a faithful English version of the divinely inspired New Testament.

The basic text of the new revision is the Vulgate of St. Jerome according to the official Clementine edition. But shortly after the inception of the work, permission was granted the revisers to correct the Clementine Vulgate, when necessary, by the various modern critical editions. This has greatly increased the value of the new revision. Catholic scholars have always recognized that the Clementine Vulgate is by no means satisfactory. Pius X took official cognizance of the defects of the Clementine Vulgate when, in 1907, he commissioned the Benedictine Order to prepare a new revision. For more than thirty years learned Benedic-

tine monks have been engaged in this work. One of the monks told the writer that at least another fifty years will be required to complete the revision.

This permission to change the Clementine text whenever the solidly established conclusions of textual criticism of the Vulgate demanded it, has enabled the revisors to give us a New Testament text that is closer to St. Jerome's version than are any of our current Bibles. Moreover the critical Greek text has been consulted as an aid to clarify words and passages which are obscure in the Latin. The revision, however, is always a faithful translation of the Vulgate.

The Episcopal Committee placed a very prudent restriction on the revisers. They were obliged to retain as far as possible "the diction, style, and rhythm" of the current English Bible. But all obsolete words and expressions have been replaced by modern, idiomatic English. It was decided to retain "thee", "thou," and "thine", but "ye" and the verb endings in "th", as "saith", have been replaced by the modern "you" and "says." The long, involved sentences of Latin style, which are so frequent in Challoner's revision, have been broken up to suit the genius of modern English.

In accordance with the prescriptions of Canon Law the new revision contains footnotes which explain briefly the more difficult and dogmatically important texts. Besides, a one volume commentary will be published as a companion to the revision.

The format of the new revision is a great improvement over our current English Bibles. Challoner divided his text according to verses and printed it two columns to the page. The text of the new revision is divided into paragraphs and printed one column to the page, as is customary in modern books. The verse numbers are printed in the margin. So, even from the viewpoint of format, the new revision will be more readable than the Bibles to which we have been accustomed.

The revisers have attained the goal set them. In this new revision the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine gives American Catholics an accurate, faithful reproduction of the inspired New Testament, clothed in familiar, idiomatic English.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

Weather Forecasting and War

• THE IMPORTANCE of accurate weather forecasting in modern war is emphasized by Dr. H. C. Willett in the "American Legion" Magazine:

Contrary to Mark Twain's claim, people are doing something about the weather as well as talking about it. For example: Efforts to establish long-range forecasting on a reliable basis.

Control of weather observation stations is one of the important immediate strategic objectives of the second World War; for modern armies depend on weather predictions almost as much as on their knowledge of ballistics to win conquests. The further such forecasts can be projected, the better. And meteorologists need weather advices from many stations, far and wide, if they are to forecast at all accurately.

Hitler's invasion of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, and France were excellently timed. The sun seemed to beam approbation and encouragement on his armies. In some cases, rains were expected to bog down the advance, but they did not come—until too late. To the average person, those occurrences may have meant just lucky coincidence. But not to the aerologist. To him they tended to confirm reports that the Reich had reaped great value from the known research of German scientists into the possibilities of long-range weather forecasting; that is, from five to ten or more days ahead, not the thirty-six to forty-eight-hour forecasts with which Americans are familiar.

With Germany's occupation of Norway, additional important weather-reporting observation posts came into German possession. These posts are far north, well inside the Arctic Circle near the Polar Ice Cap which is a sort of home base, or starting point, for winds which play a part in brewing the world's weather.

But valuable as these weather frontier posts are, they still leave Hitler in considerable fog so far as conditions over Britain are concerned. Weather is a migratory thing, moving in general with the prevailing westerlies—the wind currents which define a broad but frequently interrupted course from west to east. A torrential storm over the Atlantic west of Britain today may well prove a sample of Continental Europe's weather tomorrow—just as a blizzard sweeping Montana on Monday will probably carry on to clog traffic in Minnesota on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The fact that Europe's weather comes out of the Atlantic gives Great Britain a precious meteorological advantage over Germany. Her weather men can judge with relatively greater accuracy whether it is raining cats and dogs in Hamburg than German aerologists can judge as to soupy or clear skies over Birmingham.

Translated into military values, that gives Britain an edge over Germany in planning bombings by the R.A.F. It also gives her a potentially safer bet in timing an invasion on the opposite side of the English Channel.

Eliminating Waste

• THE SUCCESS OF SCIENTISTS in converting waste matter into useful products is described by Al Laughrey in "Columbia":

Across the historic Potomac River from Washington not long ago, an automobile chugged hesitantly down a suburban road, kicking up little clouds of dust as it jerked along. At the wheel was a white-frosted government experimenter who kept an anxious eye on the instruments on his dashboard.

Passers-by didn't evince much interest in the vehicle. To them it was just an ordinary automobile—one that seemed a little undecided as to whether it would continue on or halt indefinitely. But no ordinary automobile was this. In its gas tank was fuel made from corncocks. In its motor was lubricating oil extracted from cull soy beans. Its steering wheel and other accessories were of a plastic material made from cornstalk waste. Beneath the feet of the driver was a spongy mat created from discarded oat hulls.

This government automobile on its test was symbolic of a new trend in the world of agriculture—a trend toward taking the farmer's waste products out of the field and placing them in the factory. What the factory can do, and is doing, with these waste products, grows increasingly amazing to farmer and industrialist alike. The research scientist's test tube is converting tons of erstwhile farm debris into an astonishing list of useful products...

Piles of cornstalks, sugar cane bagasse, cotton stalks, and other crop waste material which once rotted away in dank, steaming piles on the farmer's land are today providing industry with an astounding array of products. In Los Angeles and San Jose, California, firms are extracting useful acids from a variety of fruit pits. Down on a plantation in the Deep South, experimenters have found a method of turning peanut shells into sturdy rayon cloth. At the University of North Carolina, Professor Frank Cameron has developed a process for converting hitherto useless cotton stalks into an equally sturdy brand of rayon. The Quaker Oats people have evolved a commercial means of utilizing tons of oat hulls which once were dumped aside as bothersome waste. The hulls are treated chemically, heated and pressed, and made into fiber packing cases in which to ship the firm's products to market.

In Florida, citrus experts have found that an ex-

tremely useful cloth dye can be extracted from the seed of the grapefruit. Up in the great potato state of Idaho, they now make an effective automobile anti-freeze from damaged potatoes which previously were buried in the ground as fertilizer. From the seed and stalk of the cotton plant, experimenters are making binder for safety glass, billiard balls, and photographic film.

Vatican City Army

• VATICAN CITY has a surprisingly large army for the number of its citizens. From "People and Places" in the "Catholic Fireside":

There is another anomaly about the resources of Vatican City. In proportion to its numbers, it has the largest degree of military strength of any nation in the world. Between them, the Swiss, Pontifical and Noble Guards absorb two-thirds of the population.

And yet this "army" has not a single machine gun, let alone any heavier types of armament. If it wanted artillery in a hurry, it would have to dismount from their bases some old cannon, relics of past wars, which for generations have served in a purely ornamental capacity.

The nearest the Vatican City got to having an air force was a few years ago when the late Pope Pius XI promised a priest-scientist who was trying to perfect the principle of the helicopter that he would buy two of the machines if the invention proved a success. Apparently it wasn't, for nothing more was heard of the matter.

Destructive "Fish"

• MODERN SCIENCE seems to be at its best—or should we say worst—in making instruments of destruction. By Frederic Sondern, Jr., in "Current History and Forum":

The modern torpedo—15 feet long, 21 inches in diameter—is made with watchmaker's precision, costs \$12,000. It carries 500 pounds of T.N.T. in its nose as it streaks through the water at 45 miles an hour. One of these "fish" will seriously damage the most powerful battleship afloat; three are almost certain to sink it. And they can be sent with great accuracy at a target three miles away.

When a submarine commander has sneaked within range of his quarry, submerged to "periscope depth" at about 40 feet, he starts sliding his periscope up and down, so that the top appears above the surface for only a moment at a time. He slows his boat to about two miles an hour to prevent the tube from making a wake and warning the enemy. During his quick peeps, he calculates the range and course of the target and the necessary direction of his own torpedo, and maneuvers his boat so that the torpedo tubes—which are stationary—point at the proper angle.

Torpedoes are driven by steam. When the missile is shot out of its tube by compressed air, a trigger projecting from its body is sprung. This starts an alcohol burner inside the torpedo which produces such heat that steam at very high pressure is made

almost instantaneously in a miniature boiler. Two small engines drive two propellers, one behind the other and revolving in opposite directions. The torpedo's course is controlled by vertical and horizontal tail fins regulated by a complicated gyroscopic and clockwork mechanism set by the torpedo crew. The newest type of torpedo can be adjusted so that it changes direction several times before striking the target; thus its final, straight run does not reveal the location of the submarine which fired it. And the modern "fish"—unlike its World War I predecessors—cannot be seen until it is close to its victim. It travels at such depth and speed that the bubbles from its exhaust, which used to make a clear, straight wake, appear far behind its actual position.

Dublin and Belfast

• DIFFERENCES between men of Belfast and of Dublin are described by William John Tucker in the "Catholic World":

Religion is sometimes put forward as the real cause of the difference in spirit between the two cities. It is stoutly maintained and quite as stoutly denied that there is something in Protestantism which favors the growth of energy, while Catholicism tends to produce a certain passiveness. Whatever may be thought of this argument, the true explanation seems to be that Dublin is an old city, and Belfast is new. We associate age with urbanity, youth with pushfulness. A Belfast man, arriving in Dublin and noticing two of the station clocks with six minutes difference between them, says to a porter: "Look here, my man, what's the use of having two clocks telling different times?" "Ah!" retorts the porter, "what's the use of having two clocks telling the same time?" Such is the Dublin spirit. It does not deify efficiency. Man does not live in order to get things done. He is forced to get things done, more or less, in order to live.

Replacing Canaries

• AMERICAN BIRD LOVERS face a difficult situation, according to Priscilla Jaquith, writing in the "New York Times Magazine":

War has brought American bird lovers face to face with a pretty extensive problem. They have got to find a bird, attractive to look at, pleasant to listen to and, above all, easily obtainable, who will serve as a substitute for the old-fashioned canary. Not one canary has crossed the Atlantic since February 1940, and the United States normally imports 175,000 Harz Mountain singers every year. Canaries live for only about eight years or so, and the shortage will very soon become acute. In 1939, despite the beginning of the war, 115,000 canaries from abroad plus the 200,000 raised by Americans were bought up by the public, leaving only a small percentage kept by the breeders. . . .

Still, since there aren't enough canaries to go round, some substitute must be found. Americans have always been given to out-of-the-way bird pets. They keep crows that steal, or ostriches that are not very convenient in a small apartment, or—like the 14-year-old boy in Wisconsin—make pets of great horned owls.

which are exotic enough but are probably not very cheerful companions for one's hours of need. One young lady named Peggy even acquired a New Guinea lyrebird, and a more unsatisfactory pet can hardly be imagined. She supplied it with a room of its own, beautifully heated to the exact temperature lyrebirds like, and waited for it to cultivate its talents. It spent the entire six months saying over and over again, "Peggy is a fool, Peggy is a fool," until Peggy shipped it off to a neighboring zoo where it could insult the keepers.

Reply to an Atheist

• MONSIGNOR FULTON SHEEN's cogent reply to an atheist, as recorded in the "Catholic Digest":

A few years ago, I encountered a young atheist in London who, boasting of her atheism, shouted, "Every night I go out to Hyde Park and talk against God. I urge my listeners to drive the illusion from the earth. I circulate England, Scotland, and Wales with pamphlets denouncing a belief in God."

When she drew a deep breath, thus giving me my first opportunity to speak, I said to her, "Suppose I went across the street here to Soho Square and every night talked against 20-footed ghosts and 10-legged centaurs; suppose I circulated England, Scotland, and Wales with pamphlets denouncing a belief in 20-footed ghosts and 10-legged centaurs. What would happen to me?"

She said, "You would be crazy; they would lock you up."

"Correct," said I. "Now, tell me, why don't they lock you up? Don't you put God in exactly the same category of illusion as that in which I put a 20-footed ghost and a 10-legged centaur? Why would I be crazy and not you?"

I had to tell her the answer, "Because if I attacked ghosts or centaurs the reason of men and the tradition of mankind would tell me I was attacking a figment of my imagination—which is a mark of insanity. But when you attack God you are not attacking an illusion but something just as real as the thrust of a sword or an embrace. It is the reality of God which saves you from insanity, and it is the reality of God which gives substance and energy to your attacks."

And she answered, "I hate you."

To which I answered, "Now you have answered me. Atheism is not a doctrine, it is a cry of wrath."

Music Hath Charms

• THE WELL-KNOWN soothing effect of music forms the basis of an experiment described in the "World Digest":

Knowledge of music's ability to soothe dates back to antiquity, and French dentists in the early 1800s traveled with musicians whose anesthetic melodies were supposed to take a patient's mind off more immediate matters such as tooth pulling. More recently, music has been used to cheer patients at Bellevue Hospital in New York and other institutions.

But one of the most methodical studies on the effect of music on the mind started more than two years ago at the Eloise Hospital in Eloise, Michigan. At the

"opening performance" three WPA musicians—a violinist, cellist, and pianist—walked into a twenty-patient ward and, according to pre-arranged plans, broke into "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

As the trio played selections from Grieg, Strauss, and Victor Herbert, patients who were distraught or depressed forgot their problems and became calm and interested. Such effects seemed so promising that Dr. Ira M. Altshuler, director of the project, has been providing "musical therapy" once daily (excepting Saturdays and Sundays) ever since, and last week he surveyed their year-end results with decided satisfaction.

About 850 of the 3,600 mental patients in the hospital are being exposed to rhythm sessions, along with nursing care and other routine treatments. More than half a dozen WPA trios supply the melodies.

Dictionary: New Style

• QUOTING from a book by J. B. Morton, a London journalist, "The Cross," published by the Irish Passionists, lists the following definitions:

Advanced Opinions: Anyone who advocates the destruction of the religion and morality of Europe is said to hold advanced opinions.

Aesthete: Any effeminate young man who dresses queerly.

Autobiography: A book of gossip about other people.

Banned: An indecent book is widely advertised as banned when there is no other way of selling it.

Boyish: An adjective applied to girls.

Clandestine: Well-advertised; adjective usually applied to the visit of an American film star to London; or to a fashionable wedding, widely photographed and described.

Confession: The widely advertised publication of the intimate details of somebody's private life.

Flying Squad: A special contingent of police whose business is to arrive at the scene of a crime shortly after the departure of all those connected with it.

Galaxy: Five or six actresses.

Gifted: An adjective used to decry the daughter of any society hostess. See also: beautiful, popular, talented.

Honest: A man who has not actually been caught red-handed in any dishonest act. When there is nothing whatever to be said about a politician, he is called honest. The public usually understands.

Human: Adjective applied to a novel, as in the sentence: "It is a human story, brilliantly told."

Indefatigable: Women who keep on giving parties are said to be indefatigable.

Indispensable: Anything anyone wants to sell you.

Prodigy: A child who plays the piano when he ought to be asleep in bed.

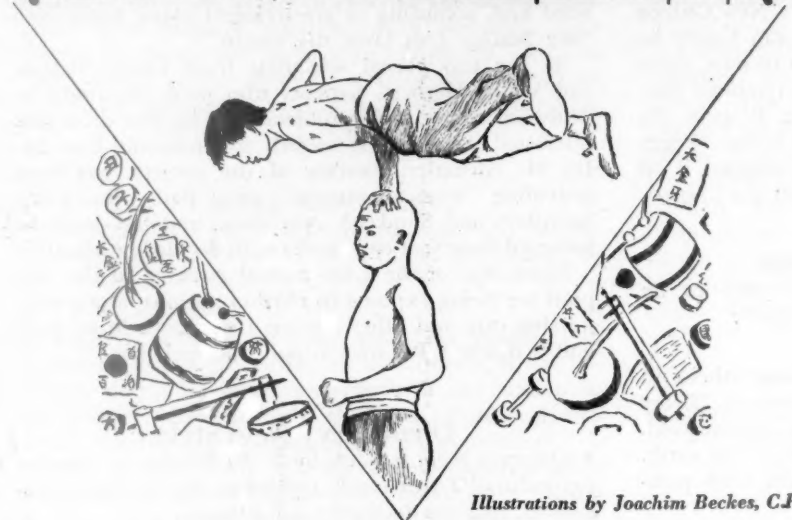
Provocative: A reviewer's adjective for any book, when his other adjectives have been used up.

Quaint: Adjective used to describe the customs, manners, dress, and architecture of a foreign nation.

Vivid: When a girl writes a novel in which the characters talk like drunken bargees, her work is called a vivid picture of life as it is.

Wit: Any public man who tells a story or repeats a joke is a wit.

PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



Illustrations by Joachim Beckes, C.P.

THE beating of drums and the crashing of cymbals have a magic power to assemble a crowd the world over, and China is no exception. When the music of traveling players sounds along the highways and byways of Old Cathay, tea cups go clinking into saucers and piping voices of children arise on every side. And from straw-covered shops and mud-walled huts come eager inhabitants, all responding to a call that is magnetic the world around, the appeal of the marvelous.

News that a company of Chinese street performers was playing in the T'ien Ch'iao area of Peking came to us just before a school holiday. Feeling that nothing could be more fun than an hour or two spent watching these traveling actors, a party of four of us, Passionist Fathers who are studying the Chinese language in this city, made our way to the Bridge of Heaven district on the holiday afternoon.

We found the entertainers showing in an open field, where several groups of Chinese were gathered about dirty rings, from which the beating of drums and cymbals alternated with the shouts of actors. We wriggled our way among the on-lookers at one of the rings. A crowd of Chinese workmen, with a sprinkling of quiet-faced women, and a circle of children in the forefront of the group, were listening to the claims of a Chinese Hercules. The delight of the people was obvious as they watched this fellow

strutting about, a white toga flung over one arm and shoulder, the other arm gesticulating grandiosely.

The Chinese love the wondrous, and anything with a flavor of the marvelous about it appeals to them as it does to children. Now with the glee of youngsters they were watching this Strong Man, who as a pledge of more astounding things to come, had placed his hand on a heavy block, and was allowing four bricks, placed one on top of the other on the back of his hand, to be pounded to dust with a heavy club. The coolie workmen, whose own hands were gnarled and toughened from years of manual labor, gasped incredulously. Hercules swung his dust-covered hand aloft, and in words which are the Chinese equivalent of "Ladies and Gentlemen!" addressed the crowd.

"First Born Ones! I do not have to say that I am the strongest man in the world. Please look at my hand which has borne such heavy blows without hurt, and you will see that I am. Were you to ask me where my mighty strength comes from, I will tell you that it comes from these little pills known as 'Great Strength Pills,' which I am prepared to sell to you at the price of ten cents a box."

Hercules then struck a pose in the center of the ring, while his assistants went among the crowd with the little boxes. The people were not the least bit interested in the pills, nevertheless they were gen-

erous. A woman first threw a few pennies into the ring, others followed her example, and we dropped in our contributions. The money was left laying in the dirt, and no one touched it. The Chinese believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Although they will argue "a half a day," as they say, to make a poor shopkeeper or street peddler come down in his prices, they are not ungenerous when it comes to showing gratitude for what they have received.

The Strong Man now prepared to give a further demonstration of the efficacy of the pills. Seizing up a curved sword with a wicked-looking edge, he spoke again: "First Born Ones, I shall not claim that these Great Strength Pills will protect me from this naked blade. Just see for yourselves!"

Popping a pill into his mouth, he held the handle of the sword so that the keen edge rested against his bare chest. A stooge prepared to strike the back of the blade with a heavy club.

Since the act of the bricks I had been eyeing Hercules closely to see if I could discover the trick of his strength. He never revealed one arm, but skillfully kept it covered with the white toga thrown over his shoulder. Under this, I am sure now, was an iron bar. But so cleverly did he conceal this clumsy weapon that no part of it showed.

Fitting the handle of the sword somehow into this iron rod, Hercules had it braced against his body in such a way that the edge could not cut him. His hands were out of sight in the folds of the toga, however, so the people knew nothing about this. Instead they watched the stooge, hefting the club. When all was ready the blow was struck. The club whanged against the sword blade with terrific power.

Had nothing been holding back the edge Hercules would have been cleft in two. The crowd shrieked, "Hao, Hao," "Good, Good," at the top of their voices. Again and again the club struck the shining blade with full-shouldered might. The actor cried out under the tension. The children stood transfixed, mouths open, eyes big as saucers. When at last the clubbing stopped, Hercules showed his chest, crossed and recrossed with red welts. But no cuts. The sword was stuck quiv-

ering into a block to show its edge. Hercules held up the little boxes for the crowd to see. They were convinced.

Man, oh man, what pills!

The noisy clanging of cymbals a little distance off, attracted us to another ring of people, where a new act was just commencing. This entertainer was a magician, sitting on a low stool on the ground. The sleeves of his jacket were folded back to show quite an innocent contrast of white, Sunday School cuffs, above sinuous, deft-moving fingers.

The man was a master at attracting attention to what one of his hands

someone suggested that the interior of the wands must be hollow, with a weight on the end of each string. When the wands were held level with the ground the strings would not move. But if, for instance, a pretense was made of pulling the red string longer, at the same time tilting the yellow wand upwards a bit, the yellow string would automatically grow shorter, being pulled into the wand by the weight on its end. So that was the magical secret!

White Cuffs' closest watchers were the children standing in front of the grownups. Each new trick made them goggle-eyed with astonishment. But there was one act to which they took with shouts of delight. And all because it involved the use of a dummy named *Erh Pao Shen*, or Ear Counseling Spirit. This dummy

straw mat, from which position he jauntily observed White Cuffs place three large, red buttons on the mat and cover them with three cups. This done, 'Erbie was picked up and spoken to by the magician:

"'Erbie, these boys and girls watching us are all feeling very bright today, don't you think?"

Little Wooden Shaver apparently thought so, because when held to the magician's ear, he whispered something that made White Cuffs nod his head in vigorous approval, as though to say, "Just what I told you, 'Erbie, just what I said."

"Now, 'Erbie," went on the magician, "we go to great trouble to entertain them, don't we?" The Cocky Little Fellow again whispered into the magician's ear, and again the magician nodded his head. "Of course their Papas and Mamas won't mind giving us a few pennies for our pains, do you think, 'Erbi?" 'Erbie hopped up to the magician's ear so promptly to agree with this suggestion, and then wag-
gled



was doing, while the other moved like a flicker of light among the colored cloths, cups, and magic wands laying on the ground around him.

White Cuffs' sleight of hand was such that he could make a goldfish bowl disappear from under a cloth as though swallowed into the ground. He plucked a white pigeon from out of the empty air. Two wands that he possessed seemed to be mysteriously connected with one another. One wand was red and the other was yellow; and from the tip of each wand dangled a string and button of the same color. White Cuffs would hold the wands far apart to show that nothing ran between them. Then he would take the string of the red wand and pull it out longer, whereupon the string of the yellow wand would grow shorter. Reversing the process, White Cuffs would pull on the yellow string to make it longer, and the red string would grow shorter.

It was all very mystifying; until

had a nickname made up from the first word of his full title, which sounded very much like 'Erbie.

'Erbie was a sort of Oriental Charlie McCarthy. He was only the sawed-off end of a broomstick. For face he had eyes, nose, and mouth, penciled on the yellow wood. His cap was a tiny piece of bright red cloth. He was naked to the waist; and instead of pants he wore a blue skirt. His feet were bare, being only the sharpened end of the stick so that he could be shoved into the ground. His height was about eight inches; but what 'Erbie lacked in size he certainly made up for in most remarkable accomplishments.

The instant 'Erbie made his appearance the children became all attention. 'Erb was stuck into the ground a foot or so in front of a

himself toward the people in such perfect approval of the idea, that everybody laughed. The pennies were thrown into the ring generously. The children clapped their hands with gladness, over what a fine smart fellow *Erh Pao Shen* was.

The point about the money having been settled, the act went on. "'Erbie, where are those buttons now? Under this cup?" Wooden Fellow considered a moment, and then whispered something that made White Cuffs shake his head in great surprise. The cup was turned up, and sure enough, there were no buttons. "Under this other cup then,

'Erbie?' The whispered answer must have again meant no, for the magician looked quite perplexed. Cup Number Two was turned up though, and not a button could be seen. "Well they must be under this third cup?" 'Erbie, to everyone's great surprise, scoffed at the idea. The final cup was turned up, and, nary a button!

At this White Cuffs flew into a rage. He picked up a stick and gave poor Wooden Fellow a whack into the ground. "I'll teach you to hide those buttons!" "What kind of an ear counsellor are you!" "You're a blockhead, that's what you are!" Each remark was punctuated by a crack on the head, until 'Erbie's cap was all awry, and he was up to his knees in the ground. The children became alarmed at his plight. "Will you talk now, you knotty rascal?" And with that the magician snatched him up again. 'Erbie leaned over and whispered something. The magician looked astonished. He turned and fixed his eyes on a boy standing in the crowd behind him; a cute, chubby fellow, who seemed to be almost bursting out of his blue, Chinese dress. "You say he's got 'em, 'Erbie. Pull his nose and see?"

White Cuffs reached over quickly and gave Buster's nose a tweak. Then he cupped his hand to the boy's ear. Out came the three red buttons. The boy's mouth fell open.

He rubbed his ear and grabbed his nose, gaping at little Mr. Broomstick. All the other children jumped up and down with delight at what 'Erbie had gone and done now.

The best act of the afternoon was still to come, however. This was presented by a troupe of acrobats at a third ring a little distance off, where we were now attracted by the noise and shouting. The method of collecting money here, too, before the performance really got under way, was another novel play upon the sympathies of the people.

Three cups were placed upside down on the ground, about three feet apart, in the form of a triangle. A baseball was set on each overturned cup; and three short, sharp knives put into the center of the triangle, blades pointing upwards. A girl tumbler did a handstand over one of the cups, and then lowered her weight slowly until her head rested on one of the baseballs. Balancing herself carefully, she next brought her feet down behind her, arching her body backwards over the knives, until one foot rested on each of the other two baseballs. Then she lifted her hands from the ground. The position was breathtaking. The manager of the troupe announced that Miss Tumbler would hold her dangerous pose until enough money had been collected to go on with the show. The Chi-

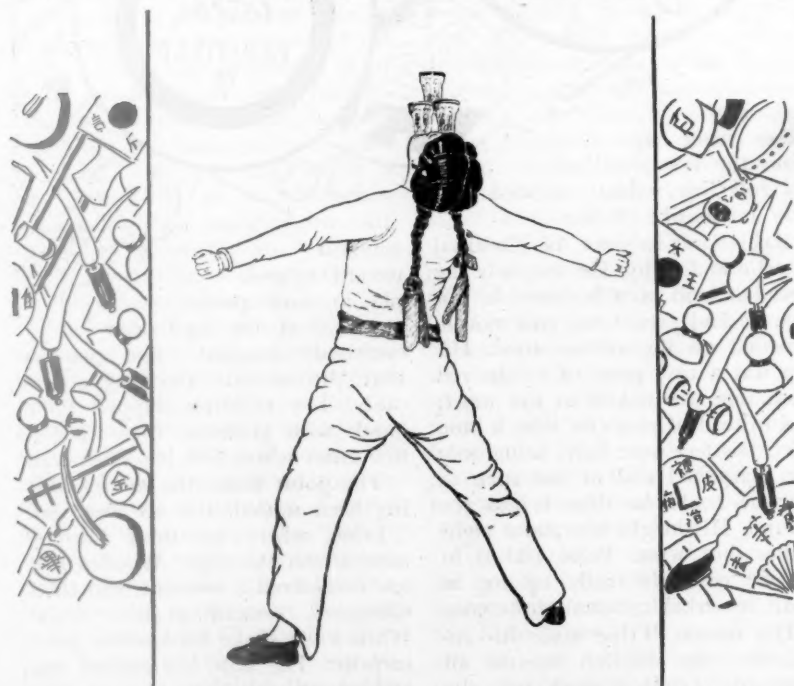
nese again responded quickly; this time being moved to do so out of sympathy for poor Lady Tumbler.

When Lady Tumbler was delivered from danger, the act began for which everyone was waiting. The performers were a man and a boy. The man a big fellow with broad shoulders and a perfectly bald head. The boy a rather special combination of wiry arms and legs along with a chest that looked like half a keg. These two were tumblers. While some properties were being set up, they somersaulted around the ring, and did a few cartwheels and backflips.

The properties consisted of a large clay jar, about three feet high, wide in the middle and tapering off to about eight inches in the neck. This big urn was placed in the center of the ring, and a barrel-shaped affair made of hoops and yellow cloth, open at both ends, was placed over it, concealing the jug.

Barrel Chest and his partner had meanwhile started an argument. "You're too heavy, y'old Bald Top," said the little fellow. "Do your work and keep your mouth shut," answered the man. "Make me, you good for nothing!" said Barrel Chest. "You'll work or I'll ram you down the neck of that bottle," said the older man, getting angry.

With that the tumbling stopped, and a chase began. Barrel Chest dodged around and around, while Bald Top made dive after dive to corner him. The crowd grew excited and began to shout. Around the yellow cloth barrel that covered the jug, into the corners of the ring, the tumblers ran; until at last, with a final swoop Baldy pounced upon the boy, gathered him up and pitched him head first into the yellow cloth barrel concealing the clay jar. Out of sight went Barrel Chest, black thatch first and feet following after. Bald Top, with almost the same motion, snatched away the barrel of cloth. There was the clay jar. But where was Barrel Chest? The older man peered into the jar. "Are you there," he called out, and ducked just in time. For out of the narrow neck of the jug came an arm and a fist shaking furiously to the accompaniment of muffled sputterings. Barrel Chest was in the jar all right. But we still do not know how he got there. You figure it out.



Departure of Sister Jane Marie

By EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P.

THREE Sisters are going to China—one a citizen of the United States; one, a citizen of Great Britain; one a citizen of Free China. The eldest of the three is Sister Finan, Sister of Charity of Convent Station, N. J. She is a registered nurse, prepared for the future by sixteen years of service in the Passionist Missions of Hunan, China. The youngest is Sister Teresa Lung, native Chinese of Hunan, and a member of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Baden, Pa. Her career has been described in *THE SIGN* for October 1939. The third is Sister Jane Marie Farrell, of Convent Station, N. J.

The last named Sister is a stranger to most of the readers of *THE SIGN*. Her appointment to China came just recently. Although devoted all her life to the interests of the missions in China, Sister Jane Marie has been occupied in the home educational projects of her institute. She is exceptionally well fitted for this. In addition to an A.B. from her alma mater, St. Elizabeth's College, Sister Jane Marie holds an A.M. from Fordham University. A year of study at the University of Paris completed her mastery of the French language.

In recent years Sister Jane Marie has been a beloved and admired teacher at St. Vincent's Academy in Newark, N. J. Here her ability to lead youth and mold their character found expression in the classroom and in her activity as moderator of the Mission Unit. Her zeal for the missions was not simulated. It sprang from a personal attachment to the apostolic spirit of the Church. This spirit Sister Jane Marie enkindled in the student body, whose programs and exhibits, under Sister's direction, have pulsed with originality and verve.

The appointment to the China missions, while it was the fulfillment of Sister Jane Marie's own long-cherished desires, came as a shock to many who had experienced and observed her outstanding success in the school work of the Newark archdiocese. To these it must have seemed that her talents were already

ideally employed. They might have asked themselves: "Why has this talent and learning, why have these high gifts, been diverted to China's pagan fields?"

The pressure of present needs at home will close the eyes of many to the honest answer to this query. History points the true Catholic attitude. When Europe was seething with the ferment of the Reformation, Francis Xavier, the most brilliant mind of the schools of Europe, was sent out to preach Christ to the peoples of India. His loss to the cause of the counter-Reformation must have appeared irreparable. Yet what a glory to the Church his apostolic commission was to prove.

The mind of the Church has not changed with the passing of the centuries. Today she continues to place many of her most gifted children in the ranks of her foreign mission workers. Sister Jane Marie's accomplishments will be a wonderful asset to the work of the Sisters of Charity in Hunan. If the Sisters are to attract to their school in Yüanling the children of better class Chinese families, they must be able to provide suitable education for these future leaders of their nation.

Hence, what is apparently loss to

one sector of the Church, is great gain to another. The Sisters of Charity are to be commended for the broadness of their vision. The relatives of the departing missionary-Sister merit our admiration for the generosity with which they have made the sacrifices entailed in her departure.

At the present moment it seems like a dangerous adventure for three Sisters to start for China. It is indeed with grave concern that the religious Superiors have weighed the advisability of the journey. So pressing is the need for Sisters in Hunan, that the courageous decision finally was made.

The name of Sister Finan is synonymous with the hospital work in the Vicariate of Yüanling. As for Sister Jane Marie, her services have become doubly necessary by reason of the recent death of Sister M. Electa. Sister Teresa is going home to assist the Sisters of St. Joseph in their noble apostolate amongst her own people.

The Holy Spirit of God sees far beyond human vision. The work which Sister Jane Marie and her Sister-companions will do in China cannot be measured now; neither should it be under-estimated. The example of zeal should itself be of incalculable good to the Church.

Here is the effacement of self-seeking. These Sisters are heroes of detachment from the world. What have they to gain from their venture into China? Nothing in time, except the recompense of those who bring the Gospel of Christ to heathen souls—weariness of body and spirit, unpredictable illness, the shock and struggle of striving against Satan in his stronghold.

But in the life that follows these fleeting years, there lies hidden a reward unsurpassed by worldly gifts—the blessing of Him who said: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . ."

This praise of their valor is part of the glamour of this world which these Sisters have put aside. They want none of it. Yet the facts stand.



Sister Jane Marie Farrell

SHEILA studied Henry Boyd as he came across the reception hall of the broadcasting studio, trying to decide if he had had any luck. The place was crowded with players waiting to start rehearsals and others hoping to find jobs, all of them talking. Several of the men and women spoke to Henry, a few of them patronizingly, for Henry had not been able to crowd close enough to the ladder of success to make even a grab at the lowest rung.

"Henry," Sheila called when she thought she could be heard above the chatter.

He looked around quickly, and when he saw her the smile he had fixed on his lips became genuine.

"C'mon, sit down." She pushed along the bench, and then when he was seated, she asked the inevitable question, "What's doing?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "I heard Ed Seymour is still auditioning for that half-hour program."

"Yes," Sheila said brightly. "I've got the lead."

"You have?" He sounded pleased, but she could also hear his envy.

"There might be something in it for you," she assured him. "It's a rural story with a lot of comedy—sort of a satire, I guess."

"And if they're doing type casting, I'm a swell hick."

"They use a lot of rural characters on the air," she told him quickly, seriously. "After all, nobody'll hate you for doing the thing you know best."

"I'll make good." It was not a boast, but an assertion.

Sheila did not answer, but she patted his arm to show that she agreed.

After that they sat silent, Sheila thinking about Henry.

Was it six months or eight since he had come to Chicago? . . . From Oklahoma, wasn't it? . . . She remembered the first time she had met him. She'd been having coffee in the drug store, and one of the boys brought him up to the table. She had thought Henry was a rube, and wondered why a good-looking husky from the farm would bother to look for jobs on the radio. Later, when she got to know Henry, she still wondered, but by then she had stopped thinking of him as a hick.

Henry was a grand guy even

The Cuckoo Call

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

though he couldn't act—or perhaps he could, and the directors just didn't realize the fact. Whenever he told her about the plays they had given at the Grange Hall, there was the same note of excited satisfaction in his voice that she was sure often crept into her own when she talked about the small parts she had played on Broadway. Perhaps Henry would find a place for himself; she didn't know. All she was sure of was that she liked him a lot and wanted him to be happy.

"What are you thinking about?" Henry asked, interrupting her thoughts.

She smiled at him. "You," she said.

"You think I'm a fool, don't you?" He wasn't angry or bitter.

"I certainly don't." She was positive.

He laughed. "You're a great little builder-upper, Sheila." Then, with a smile that always sent Sheila's pulse a beat faster, "Got a date for tomorrow night?"

"Nope."

"Well, you have now. We'll eat, and after that maybe we'll go to a show. A real show, not a movie."

She looked at him quickly, her eyes asking if he could afford such an evening.

"Don't look like that. I said 'maybe.' A fellow who comes in for coffee every morning is the press agent for one of the shows and I think I can get a couple of passes."

"Oh."

Henry supported himself by working as a soda jerker. He had a split shift, which gave him time to tramp

the broadcasting studios, and he could always get one of the other fellows to substitute for him if he was lucky enough to land a part.

"That'll be fun," she told him. "Only why don't I get dinner for us at my place?"

"Nothin' doin'. You've fixed dinner for me a hundred times, and I'm taking you on a bust."

"Okay, pal, but I warn you, I'll be hungry." She looked up at the clock and saw it was one-thirty. "I've got to go now," she told him. "Ed Seymour wants me to read opposite some of the people he's auditioning. I hope he calls you." Then, after a second's hesitation, "Want me to mention your name?"

"No." He was very positive. He was going to get his jobs on his own, or not at all. "But if I get a chance to read, you might say a prayer for me."

"I'll do that," she said earnestly. "Good-by, and good luck."

"The same to you. If I don't see you later, I'll phone you about to-morrow."

She did see him later. They were half way through the audition when he came in, and she thought a quick prayer in his behalf. Later, when Ed Seymour, who was directing the program, asked him to read a second time and then decided he was right for a small role, she had to go over to the corner and powder her nose. Otherwise they might have seen there were tears back of her lashes.

The program was scheduled for nine that night, and once the cast was set they spent four feverish hours rehearsing. It was a good idea, a satire on rural comedy—at least it

Illustrated By PAUL RABUT



The call of the cuckoo! The announcer heard it and had difficulty starting the commercial plug

had looked good on paper. But somehow, as they went along, they all began to feel the ingredients didn't jell. The author blamed the director and the actors, the director blamed the actors and the author. The players blamed no one; they were too busy trying to bring the dialogue to life. Two hours passed and tense nerves began to seek relief through belittling personal remarks that started by being funny and soon became bitter criticism.

"For cryin' out loud, Henry, where'd you learn to act?" came the voice through the talk-back. "Project, will you?"

Henry looked helpless. He was not sure what Ed Seymour meant by "project."

"Act—act—characterize—act. You come in here looking for work and all you do is read lines. You're supposed to talk like an Oklahoma farmer."

"I am an Oklahoma farmer," Henry said quietly. "And I'm talking like one."

"Don't tell me how to run my shows," the talk-back crackled.

Sheila, looking through the glass into the control room, saw Ed's face grow purple. She saw too, with gratitude, that at that moment the author arrived with several pieces

of paper, probably a rewritten scene.

The players could not hear the author-director conference that followed, but through pantomime they gathered that no life-long friendship was being cemented. Then Ed jumped up and started for the studio. The author followed him.

Ignoring the rest of them, Ed went to the sound table. "Listen, Joe," he told the sound man with an air of mangled patience, "one of the many things the matter with this show is that it has no background to tell people where it's happening. Couldn't you fix it up so it sounds like the country?"

"Sure." The sound man had been in radio for ten years, and had been asked to duplicate almost every noise imaginable. "What d'you want, birds and things?"

"That's it—birds and bugs. You've been to the country, and they really ought to be funny, on account of this is supposed to be a comedy."

"Sure," the sound man agreed again. "I can bark like a dog, and do a parrot and a cat, and I've got a good record with nightingales on it."

"They don't have nightingales in Oklahoma," the author protested.

"They will if we want to put 'em there." Ed was sore.

"That's what's wrong with radio," the author snapped, but the director ignored him.

"Go on, Joe," he ordered, "get your stuff set up and we'll hear that love scene with the nightingales in the background."

Joe re-marked his scripts, went to the sound room for a record, and the rehearsal started again. The effect was worse than ever.

"Holy smoke!" the talk-back sizzled. "The birds are terrible, and cut out the dog and cat. This couple is supposed to be out in the woods just at evening."

"Yes, sir. Would you like a robin? I can do a good robin."

"Robins don't sing at night."

"Okay." All sound men are patient. "Just tell me what birds you want and I'll try 'em for you."

"Well, give me a—" the voice through the talk-back floundered, "it's evening. What I want is a—"

He stopped short, for almost as if in answer to his command strange eerie cries of night filled the air. An owl hooted as he whirled among the branches of a dead tree—from a far away swamp a whippoorwill called.

Ed Seymour stood up, his eyes wide as he searched the studio. Then he smiled, for in a corner he saw

Henry, and it was Henry who was pouring out these sounds.

"Hey, that's wonderful," Ed said quickly, "let's have it again—and don't forget the nightingale." Henry repeated his bird calls, and as he did so the miserable hours of tension were broken.

"Swell," the voice that came through the talk-back was smiling. "Now let's run the scene."

The ingénue dried her tears and began to act. Sheila and the leading man stopped trying to force comedy from their lines, and discovered that their love scene was funny if they played it straight. The director and the script writer grinned at one another and became pals.

"All right, folks, let's run a dress," Seymour decided. "After that we can knock off for coffee and sandwiches before air time. And don't worry, everything's going to be all right, thanks to Henry."

The cast agreed with Ed that everything was going to be all right; that is, they did until the second hand of the studio clock began to swing toward nine. Then palms grew moist with panic, as the strange all-gone sensation actors encounter just before they speak the first line began to sweep over them.

"You'll make it," Sheila whispered, as she squeezed Henry's hand. "Good luck."

"I'll wow 'em," he pressed her cold fingers between his own. "Good luck to you."

Then the show was on, fanfare, theme music, commercial, and the script. There were rough moments, they stumbled verbally, and recovered themselves, yet somehow the cast all knew, without looking toward the control booth, that the show was fun.

They had not expected it to be riotous, however. For that matter neither had Henry, but standing back from the mike, listening to the sappy love scene that only a city man could have written for country people, Henry became conscious of how ridiculous it was. No fellow from Oklahoma talked like that! Any Oklahoma girl would have laughed him clear out of the state. The whole thing was so all-fired insulting and crazy that as the love scene which climaxed the show drew to its close, it was not a nightingale that sang, but the cuckoo!

"Cuckoo—cuckoo" was what

Henry thought, and "Cuckoo—cuckoo" was the call that was the background for the hero's awkward plea of love.

The call of the cuckoo!

The announcer heard it and had difficulty starting the commercial plug.

The cast heard it and doubled up against the walls, handkerchief and hands across laughing mouths.

Sheila heard it and her heart froze.

She looked quickly toward the control booth, and the expression she saw in Ed Seymour's startled eyes was terrifying, for Ed had found nothing funny in Henry's interpolation.

Heartsick, she waited till the theme music had died away. But she could not join in the outburst of laughter that echoed through the room once the "off-the-air" signal was given. Instead, she watched Ed rise deliberately, pick up his papers and start for the studio.

Poor Henry! She almost wished there was some way she could hustle him away from the wrath he had brought on himself. She went and stood beside him, ready if possible, to protect him.

Then the door from the control



room opened and Ed came from the studio, but he was not alone. The client had come down from his booth, also the account executive, the author, and a couple of wives.

"Folks," the client boomed, "that was one of the funniest darn shows I've ever heard in my life. And I almost had apoplexy when I heard that cuckoo backing up that hick love scene. You're a genius, Ed."

The director's chest swelled until the seams of his shirt were strained.

"Swell directing, swell writing, swell acting," the client patted Ed

on the shoulder. "Let's make that cuckoo call the theme song."

Ed was smiling now; he accepted the praise and passed it on to the players.

"You're all right," he said to Henry. "That was just what I wanted—you're our official cuckoo from now on."

They all laughed at that, and called Henry "cuckoo." Sheila realized the name would stick, and hoped Henry wouldn't mind.

Then Henry and Sheila went to her one-room apartment, and raided the miniature ice-box. She set up the little electric stove, scrambled eggs, made toast and coffee.

"Well, I promised myself I'd make good," Henry said, "and I did, sort of, didn't I?"

"There was nothing 'sort of' about it. The birds were wonderfully real."

"Yeah," Henry agreed slowly, "so darn real they started me thinking."

"About what?" Sheila asked, though she thought she knew.

"Back home I've always been good at imitating birds and animals."

She smiled, and put her hand on his arm. "Homesick?" she asked.

"Homesick?" He didn't seem to understand.

"Want to go back to the farm?"

Then he got her idea. "Heck, no," he laughed. "I was thinking that I could do swell tigers and lions if I went to the zoo and listened. I'll bet I can be the best animal noise man on the air."

She looked at him, realizing there were dozens of programs that hired men who imitated birds and animals. "Why, of course," she said.

"Maybe we'll go back to the farm some day," he admitted, his tone a trifle patronizing. "You know, after I've made good in a big way—and we're married, and—" He stopped short and looked at her. "I never did tell you about getting married, did I, but I'll make good at that, too."

She didn't answer him; there was a funny sort of lump in her throat that wouldn't let her speak, but she nodded and was awfully glad when he put his arms about her and held her close. For a moment they stood there, then suddenly, Sheila found herself laughing silently into the shoulder of a tweed coat.

She was thinking that Henry had found himself when he heard the cuckoo call—also that Henry was no fool!



Wide World photos

German Catholics In Post-War Europe

By
W. J. BLYTON

Left: Members of Hitler Youth organization receiving military instruction. Religion forms no part of their education

Below: Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, outspoken opponent of Nazism



ONE of the first and certainly the most glorious of war aims should be, and will be, to restore the liberty of the Church throughout Germany, and of course Austria, Poland, and the other suppressed territories. It is a primary condition of mental health in all countries that the freedom of Christian life should ventilate and elevate public life.

That step alone would, of itself, do much toward giving normality and sanity back to a war-ridden and lie-ridden population whose morale, as Cardinal Faulhaber said in early 1938, has suffered from the forcible withdrawal from schools of Christ's teaching, the suppression of fraternities, and the discouragement of soldiers and civil servants from attendance at Mass, services, or the Sacraments. The Catholic Church—and, may we add in this connection, such of the Lutheran confession as have not lost faith—will be a priceless base for revival and resettlement in Central Europe once the noise of arms has subsided.

You see this most vividly once you have perused carefully the astound-

ing detailed evidence, filling nearly 600 pages, of the German Bishops (and Nazi spokesmen too, among many others) in a valuable volume, *The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich*, which far outclasses anything hitherto written on the most successful suppression of the Faith yet undertaken. The Bishop of Eichstätt says "it often assumes a form which goes far beyond that to which we are accustomed in Russia." Millions of youth have been de-baptized, perverted into anti-Christianity in pagan rites, and turned into "fanatics," as they put it, against Church and creed. What will be left in Central Europe spiritually to build on? That is a question for Americans and Britons, not least for Catholics.

Well, behind such a resurgence will be the Papacy. Around, there will be the undefeated Catholicism of three-quarter-dead Poland, of Bohemia, Holland, and Belgium. Inside, there will be the tenacious Bishops, priests, and victimized minority holding now the shadow of their rights. And can we add the

vigorous aid of American and British Catholics—aye, and of other Christians?

In a year, or two years, perhaps—who knows?—this may be the religious-human question before you and me, and considered by our episcopal synods. For if Catholic Christianity cannot serve as a converting influence upon a war-specialized people—other influences will not. "Democracy" cuts no ice in Prussia and its confederate states; the ease with which so many Weimar Germans have taken the full Nazi impress is discouraging. The more extreme socialists "fell for" Nazism—when they didn't hold on to Bolshevism in the certainty that Hitlerism was drifting that way. Pacifism will, as such, continue to antagonize them. Parliaments are things which they cannot work.

What then is there for us to lay hold of, in these 75,000,000 people, except religion? The Church is the only true counterpoise to State absolutism and the war-principle. And Hitler knows this; hence his remorseless sapping of the Church's powers.

It is a besetting temptation of the goodhearted and liberal among the Anglo-Saxon peoples to believe quickly (because we hope) that in every foreign country the majority look on politics as *we* look on them; want our democratic forms, and would work them with our idealism and give-and-take! A charming, and deadly illusion. Having traveled in Germany, knowing much of its religious and secular life from lifelong contacts and reading, I do not see that people (or those peoples) becoming democratically progressive. If it is not in them, why demand it?

But they are cut out for another kind of life—different from this brute slavery to the War Department, and different from our Western elasticity and individualism. They fit more naturally into the Church, the Province, the Municipality, the Arts, and Sciences. They have never been keen to vote on who shall rule, nor to censor their rulers—only to follow. And there will probably be a revolution against the present political obsession—after years of being compelled to think of nothing but the State. We may look for a return of many forms of non-political association—religious, philosophical, scientific, and commercial. That would be a blessed boon to them, and, by sympathy, to Europe and the world. With many, says Hans Schmidt of Chicago, “the longing for an alternative to Hitler is taking on the character of almost religious and mystical nostalgia,” which, however, is doomed to frustration so long as the “exceedingly hard group of leading Nazis” believe that Britain will fall and that the United States of America does not count in time.

THE highest international or supra-national spirit, the Christian and spiritual, alone is capable of bridging chasms and making links across frontiers. This alone would make possible a “new order,” and calls for Catholic co-operation everywhere.

I can endorse what Nora Waln, the American Quakeress, says of the unnaturally strained mind-state of millions in the Reich. I have given hospitality in England to Catholic fugitives from the new *Terrorismus*, and one thing wherein they agree is the pain and paralysis which have come over them after having to lis-

ten to all the radio stations emitting camouflaged attacks upon religion, innuendoes against Church and clergy, and neo-pagan doctrine, without having the remotest opportunity to reply or put a question.

No Christian addresses or services over the radio, as in other countries. Instead, a swift, almost dizzy, succession of paid agents are brought to the microphone to instill their jet of poison for five minutes—and then a brass band, an orchestra, or an organ blares for three minutes; till another insinuating voice is heard on a new tack.

The Pope in 1936 had again to point to the present Nazi chiefs as “led by false and disastrous principles,” as “seeking to destroy and extinguish faith in God and divine revelation in the hearts of men,” as “having the audacity to represent the Church, guardian of the divine promises, as a declared enemy of the progress of the nation.” He had to go further in 1937 in *Mit Brennender Sorge*, and months later said things under Nazism were “so bad, so menacing, and so painful as to call for the loudest protests.”

Catholics have been, we must admit, caught napping often by the technique of “gradualness”—of promises not to hurt the Church and Christianity, followed swiftly and silently by another scientific body blow at her. It is parallel with the vow before heaven, by Goering, that Czechoslovakia was safe—what did Germany want with Czechs?—and then, the death blow. It is parallel with the questionnaire round Europe to the then neutral states (as a reply to Roosevelt): “Do you fear us, i.e., Germany?”—and the later overthrow of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Rumania. It is parallel with the solemn treaty with Poland and the statement “We need a strong, independent Poland”—and the prompt overrunning of that devoted country.

The book I name, a fascinating one, published now in English, has only official and reliable data in it. It could only have been achieved by somebody (necessarily at present nameless) who remains in very close contact with Catholic life in Germany. He says: “The system which is so fond of lightning strokes in all that it undertakes, and boasts of launching its attacks ‘into the very gates of the enemy,’ is cautious and

wary to a degree in measures taken against the Church. The Church’s positions are not all attacked at once, but step by step after the most careful and painstaking preparation of public opinion. . . . There can be no doubt that when once the National Socialist regime has been cleared away, almost every Catholic family and every Catholic presbytery will be able to cite dozens of similar cases.”

He generously adds that the battle in defense of the Evangelical Church, conducted in some parts in a manner truly heroic, particularly by the “Confessional Church”—deserves a separate treatment. He reproduces a number of German Press cartoons against the Church and Faith—hideously coarse and malignant affairs they are.

ONE thing: it is so against nature, against God, against humanity, that it cannot last. It must come to cracking-point, and a huge reaction set in. Then indeed we shall see signs and wonders in plenty. Picture the bursting of the thousand artificial dams—when the vast prison camps give up their captives; when pastors are restored to their people, and people to their families; when the stricken parishes lift up their heads and resume the *verboten* charitable and teaching works; when letters can be written freely, and religious papers print again; when people of other nationalities can come and go freely through the land; when regimented hooligans of the S.A. and Hitler Youth find their occupation of Church-baiting gone.

All this, possibly, amid symptoms of confusion civic and national. Then will come the challenge and test to the principled peoples of the West, to employ their moral and social force as strongly as they did their material and military. Perhaps American and British, though at the moment well hated and feared there, will enjoy a prestige favorable to such help in spiritual reconstruction which no other peoples could command. Charity remains, and it is a practical force; its eyes are prudence, its arms are energy, and it will not leave some forty million Austrian, Bavarian, Silesian, and Rhenish Catholics—and others—to “stew in their own juice,” or to suffer *vis-à-vis* the recriminating, baffled neo-pagans in defeat. In Christ, we are kin. To them, we will act like kin.



Irene Dunne, Baby Biffle, and Cary Grant in Columbia's "Penny Serenade"

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER



Cary Grant, as the fond father, gazes on as Irene Dunne and Eva Lee Kuney blow out the candles on the child's birthday cake

WE, AS a nation, have embarked on a momentous campaign to guarantee the "four freedoms" to all the peoples of the world. Under such circumstances, it might be natural to assume that we possess a plenitude of those priceless liberties here at home. Such is not the case, however, and the plight of the Negro within our borders stands as an accusing monument to our neglect. Astute fellow travelers and the members of the Communist Party have seized the opportunity to capitalize on oppression, injustice, and lack of tolerance and are espousing the cause of the colored race as their very own. Their policy is very much in evidence in the play, *NATIVE SON*, an episodic dramatization by Paul Green and Richard Wright of the latter's controversial novel.

The result of their efforts has been to fan the flames of intolerance without making a single, tangible contribution to the solution of the social problem inherent in the situation. Bigger Thomas, the principal character, is a young, fear-ridden Negro who develops into a blasphemer, thief, and murderer as a result of the tactics of those white men who exploit his race for personal gain.

The situations and poverty depicted in the story do exist and cannot be overlooked as a factor in the criminal development of Bigger Thomas. But to absolve the malefactor because of the sins of his oppressors is not Christian logic. Privation is the heritage of the white as well as of the colored race, and cannot be considered the result of either class or racial discrimination.

A play should be written about the thousands of decent, honest, intelligent Negroes who find many paths to achievement barred because of intolerance. Bigger Thomas does not represent them either in thought or action. As a case history, his story may prove some points on cause and effect, but as a symbol of the race, his character does not ring true.

Orson Welles has staged and directed the production in brilliant fashion, and the performance of Canada

Lee is a moving and exceptionally convincing piece of work. Whatever merit the play possesses is the direct result of his outstanding portrayal, which is high on the list of the year's best.

NATIVE SON serves one, and only one, purpose. It is a clear example of the extent of the activities of the Moscow-controlled travelers, who will continue to profit by the failures of democracy. Unless we make a superhuman effort to guarantee at home the same liberties we intend to sponsor abroad, we may find ourselves in the rather embarrassing position of requiring that same assistance at a future date.

In addition to the political implications, the play contains an abundance of blasphemy, sensuality, and general sordidness of a nature to make it generally unacceptable.

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The devastating, sharp-edged blade of Shavian wit is as effective today as it must have been thirty years ago when *THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA* was first presented. Brought to the current scene in a handsomely

produced and intelligently performed production, it does much to brighten a theatrical season which often approached the brink of complete dullness.

It has been said that Shaw is always a generation or two ahead of his time, which may account for the fact that his cynical dialogue and stinging thrusts retain their bite despite the passing of the years. Other plays of the same era now seem dated and ridiculous. Though this pillorying of the medical profession is often gar-
rulous, it is never tedious or uninteresting.

Katharine Cornell, who is co-producer of the play with her husband, Guthrie McClintic, remains a radiant personality and a great actress. Her role is often a subordinate one to the male members of the cast, but her personality colors the entire performance. Raymond Massey contributes the precise amount of austerity required, and Bramwell Fletcher counter-balances it with an engagingly light portrayal. Whitford Kane, Cecil Humphreys, Colin Keith-Johnson, and Alice Belmore Cliffe support the principals, and always in the background, unseen but present, is the twinkling countenance of a witty, reckless Irishman who always was a better playwright than a philosopher. Adult audiences will enjoy this revival.

The second edition of the highly popular ice revue, *IT HAPPENS ON ICE*, is now occupying the huge stage of the Center Theater in Radio City. The new performance is not only smoother in presentation, but also a more glittering, eye-filling spectacle than its predecessor.

Several interesting new personalities have been added; a better balance between the comedy and ballet numbers has been obtained, and the best scenes of the first edition have been retained.

Against an expensive and dazzling background, dozens of blade experts skate and pirouette with reckless and graceful abandon. Skippy Baxter, who headlines the male contingent, offers a magnificent interpretation in the Swan Lake Ballet scene which is one of the show's highlights. Hedi Stenuf, LaVerne, the Caley sisters, Mary Jane Yeo, and Gene Berg are among the outstanding hold-overs from last season's version.

Two exceptionally talented newcomers, drum major-ette Betty Atkinson and comedy skater Freddie Trenkler, provide many moments of breath-taking novelty. Add to this lavish display of skating ability, the beauty of the ballet numbers staged by Gene Snyder and Norman Bel Geddes' settings, and you have an extravagant spectacle of unusual design and originality.

The greatest of all dramas, the story of the Passion, has been transcribed for radio presentation by the National Council of Catholic Men. Broadcast during Holy Week by stations in every state of the Union and by short-wave to Europe and South America, it proved to be a most important contribution to present-day Catholic Action.

Under the title of *THE LIVING GOD*, the series included a five-part dramatization and sermon by Monsignor Fulton Sheen. A moving, sincere presentation, the vivid acting of Pedro de Cordoba, William Gargan, Jane Wyatt, Una O'Connor, and the imaginative directorial touch of director Martin Work made it technically perfect as well as spiritually inspiring.

The National Council has long been known for its splendid work in the field of radio. The Sunday evening Catholic Hour is a vital part of this country's Catholic culture and missionary activity. The members of the Council deserve the deep appreciation of all for their efforts.

The recent admission by Lillian Gish that she is not proud of the part she played in spreading hatred during the last war, should cause many of our 1941 screen jingoists to pause and reconsider. Miss Gish was the star of many powerful propaganda films made during the early years of the first World War. It was the first test of the motion picture as a weapon to stir emotions and sway opinion. Those who remember the era will recall the atrocity stories, the hatred, and the war fever spread by indiscriminate choice of material.

Most of the far-sighted statesmen of the world are already planning post-war reconstruction for the day when the last shot is fired and the last bomb has been released. The emotional upheaval of today will have to be supplanted by an era of international good will.

The issues of the present war are sharply defined and clear-cut. The situation does not need elaboration or interpretation by those who will most assuredly consider the profit of the moment and allow the problems of the future to shift for themselves.

Bette Davis once again proves her claim to acting super-eminence in *THE GREAT LIE*, a story of complicated marital and romantic involvement. An aviator marries his first love after a hasty marriage to a sophisticated, concert pianist has been annulled. Shortly thereafter he is lost on a flight and the pianist becomes the mother of his child. She does not want the



Alice Belmore Cliffe with Katharine Cornell
in a scene from "The Doctor's Dilemma"

child and gladly relinquishes it to the second wife. The flier returns in true movie fashion, but is kept in ignorance of the fact that his present spouse is not the mother of the child. Then the dénouement. It becomes rather complicated and at times verges on the saccharine, but should appeal to adult audience groups. The principal performers are all excellently cast and manage to extract the last drop of dramatic value from the lines and situations. George Brent, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson, and Hattie McDaniel respond admirably to the demands of the plot, but without the dynamic presence of Miss Davis, the title might well have been—"The Great Disappointment". (Warner Bros.)

REACHING FOR THE SUN is an unpretentious, but completely absorbing story of the conflict between country and city life for possession of an average young married couple.

It is not the "country" of subdivisions and thumb-nail gardens, but the wide open spaces of Sault Ste. Marie and the Oscegon River district with its clams and scenery and solitude.

A boy from that district and a girl from the city marry but do not find genuine happiness until they settle down in the great outdoors. A simple story, related without too many complications, it provides adequate entertainment and a pleasant surcease from the lush type of film now drugging the market.

Joel McCrea, one of the most reliable stars, Ellen Drew, a personable young actress, and Eddie Bracken carry the story burden in a creditable manner. (Paramount)

Many years ago Mabel Normand starred in SIS HOPKINS and became a popular favorite with movie-goers. Judy Canova, a radio hillbilly, has donned the mantle for a new, streamlined version of the story of Sis, the country cousin, who makes a definite impression on the lives of her city relatives.

She wreaks havoc, for a time, in the home and college life of cousin Carol, until finally the admirable qualities she possesses cause the selfish, snobbish relations to see the error of their ways. Of course it is all pictured in a tongue-in-cheek manner and not to be taken too seriously, if indeed it can be considered seriously at all.

There are several hilarious moments provided by Miss Canova, with the assistance of Charles Butterworth and Jerry Colonna. Sufficient to classify the film as above average on the laugh scale. (Republic)

Loretta Young continues to be one of the screen's most intelligently capable players despite a series of mediocre and unattractive offerings which would have tolled the bell for many a less talented star. THE LADY FROM CHEYENNE is the latest in a long run of mishaps. As a western it should be either crammed with action or contain a sufficient amount of intelligent plot material to atone for its lack of motion. Unfortunately, both qualities are missing, and even an interesting personality cannot compensate for the absence. Edward Arnold, Robert Preston, Frank Craven, and Gladys George are even less successful than the star in their efforts to hold audience interest. (Universal)

For many seasons Irene Dunne and Cary Grant have cavorted through the inanities of what Hollywood calls the sophisticated comedies. In PENNY SERENADE they have changed type with considerable success, as a married couple who have their share of happiness and sorrow, adversity and affluence. It is an interesting narrative, lifted to heights it might not ordinarily attain through the understanding characterizations of the two stars. Adult audiences will appreciate the twists of the plot and the emotional crises.

Miss Dunne is not only one of the most sincere, but probably the most unaffectedly capable of the feminine stars and Grant, freed from the playboy caperings of recent roles, turns in one of his best performances. (Columbia)

The menace of an American Fascism is given consideration by Frank Capra in his latest semi-documentary film, MEET JOHN DOE. A newspaper publisher lends his support to a chain of "John Doe Clubs" organized to propagandize for the common man. His support is given supposedly because of his sympathy for the plan, but actually to weld the clubs into a third party ready to catapult the publisher into the White House.

Gary Cooper is believable and well cast as a run-down ball player who is the "front" for the clubs, and Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, Regis Toomey, and Rod LaRocque fit into the pattern of another Capra hit. However, compared to his outstanding *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, it falls short of the high standard set then. (Warner Bros.)

When lists of the year's worst films are being compiled, we are quite certain to find THAT HAMILTON WOMAN will place high. The sordid affair between Lord Nelson and Emma, Lady Hamilton, should have been allowed to rest unhonored in the archives of history. The purpose of this filming was to aid the cause of Britain by some frank propaganda pointing to a modern parallel in the invasion attempts of Napoleon and Hitler.

The scenes of the battle of Trafalgar have been screened in a crude and amateurish manner, hardly believable in this day of supposed technical advance.

With so many really important characters in the colorful pages of history, it is strange indeed to find Emma Hamilton being glorified. For this film gives precedence to her story, without stressing the actual facts of the lady's character and escapades. Any dramatic values the film may own are rather lost amid the grandeur of marble halls and close-ups of starry-eyed Vivien Leigh.

Miss Leigh, who is co-starred with her husband Laurence Olivier, does not exhibit the outstanding dramatic fire she displayed as Scarlett O'Hara, and for a time we were wondering if Mr. Olivier was under the impression that he was still playing Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*. Sentimentalists may enjoy this artificial story of a seven-year love affair, which deservedly did not end happily ever after, but a major portion of movie-goers will accept it as a sterile attempt to cash in on the private-life romance of the stars and the present threat to England's impregnable fortress. (United Artists)



Catholic Burial in Non-Catholic Cemetery

The mother of a very devout Catholic was not permitted to be buried from the church because she was to be placed in the family plot in a non-consecrated cemetery. Is this of such great importance, that one should be deprived of the last blessing of the Church, when there are many Catholics not worthy of the name, who lie in consecrated ground? Please explain the reason for this.—N. N.

As we said in answer to a similar question in the December 1940 issue, the Church prescribes in the common law that the bodies of the faithful must be buried in consecrated ground, that is, in cemeteries blessed according to the rites of the Church. (Canon 1205.) The particular law for this country, promulgated by the Council of Baltimore in 1852, forbade Catholics to be buried in sectarian and public non-sectarian cemeteries when there were Catholic cemeteries available. The above Council mitigated this prohibition in favor of converts whose relatives had a family plot in a non-Catholic cemetery, and of Catholics who before the law was in force had a family plot elsewhere, or who in good faith acquired it after 1852. Burial from the church must have been refused, therefore, because the case did not conform with the general and particular legislation of the Church. Ecclesiastical burial is very important, as it is the proper manner of disposing of the earthly remains of one who belonged to the communion of the faithful. Catholics ought to appreciate the great privilege of belonging to the true Church and should wish to conform to the laws of the Church that regulate their burial.

Nun Leaving Convent

I enjoy The Sign-Post for the most part, but occasionally the answers given do not seem thoroughly to cover the issue. The answer in the March number, under the title "Apostate Nun," does not mention that a nun for a grave reason may be dispensed from her

perpetual vows and lead a good Christian secular life. Do you mean to give the impression that one such is excommunicated and called an apostate?—NEWARK, N. J.

After reading over again the question mentioned, it appears that it could be interpreted in two ways: first, that the nun with perpetual vows left the community without permission; second, that she left it with permission. If the first, and she did not intend to return, she would be an apostate according to Canon Law. If the second, there is no question of apostasy from the religious state. We looked on the question from the first angle. It cannot now be verified. The original questions are often long and they must be shortened for reasons of space. It may happen that the shortening process is faulty, as in the present instance. Thank you for calling the matter to our attention.

Third Order of Saint Francis

Will you please publish the conditions for a married layman to enter the Order of Saint Francis?—BRIDGE-TON, N. J.

We presume that you refer to the Third Order Secular of Saint Francis, which was instituted for laymen and women living in the world, who desire to live a more perfect Christian life according to the ideals of the Poor Man of Assisi. We suggest that you write to the Franciscan Monastery, 135 West 31 Street, New York, N. Y., for information about conditions of enrollment.

Catholic Bridesmaid at Protestant Wedding

Will you kindly advise if it is a sin for a Catholic girl to be a bridesmaid for a Protestant friend, the ceremony to take place in a Protestant church? If so, why? In a discussion with a group of girls, I was surprised that not one of them considered it a sin. Frankly, I never heard of a Catholic doing such a thing. The younger generation certainly has ideas.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The answer depends on the nature of this participation in the light of Canon 1258 of the Code of Canon Law. This Canon says: it is unlawful for the faithful to assist in an active manner, or to take part in the sacred ceremonies of non-Catholics. But merely passive or material presence may be tolerated on account of civil office, or for the purpose of showing respect to persons (to be approved in doubtful cases by the bishop for grave reasons), at funerals, marriages, and similar solemnities, provided there is no danger of perversion and scandal.

The reasons of this prohibition against taking an active part in the sacred services of non-Catholics (this term embraces heretics, schismatics, Jews, etc.), should be apparent to every intelligent and convinced Catholic. It is equivalent to an approval of a false religion and an implied denial of the truth of the Catholic Faith.

Several theologians, however, hold that a Catholic girl may act as a bridesmaid at a Protestant wedding in a Protestant church because it is commonly considered in this country merely as a civil office, and no part of a sacred rite, since marriage even in a Protestant church has no definite religious character. Other theologians take the opposite viewpoint.

We favor the stricter opinion, for if this were to become a common practice it would tend to encourage indifferentism and would make a breach in the wall that should separate religious truth from error. It is difficult to believe that all Protestants regard marriage, especially when performed in a church and before an ordained minister, as nothing but a civil ceremony. In any case, one should hesitate before giving an unreserved opinion about this matter. In the absence of particular legislation on this point, a Catholic should consult the pastor of the Catholic church in the place where the marriage is to be performed, as he will ordinarily be the best judge about local conditions. It should be noted, that even when there is question of passive and material presence, perversion and scandal must be avoided.

Azaña Died Repentant

In your October 1940, issue you printed a letter which said that Manuel Azaña, former President of the Spanish Republic and a bitter anti-Catholic, had a Jesuit sent to him and had apparently come back to the Faith. Can you verify this item for me?—BOSTON, MASS.

According to the *Tablet* of London, February 8, 1941, Manuel Azaña died repentant, on the authority of the Bishop of Montauban in France. When Azaña became desperately ill shortly after he reached Montauban, he asked the Bishop to call upon him, which he did several times. During these visits Azaña manifested his Christian sentiments and his desire to become reconciled to the Church. In the night of November 3-4, 1940, the Bishop was hurriedly summoned to the sick man, whom he found nearing his end. He could only administer Extreme Unction and the last Absolution. He remained with Azaña until he died. Arrangements were made by the widow for a church burial, but the funeral cortege was diverted from the church to the cemetery, where a purely civil funeral took

place. His Masonic friends used their influence to prevent the church burial and publicity about his repentance. God is, indeed, "rich in mercy."

Simulating Office of Priest

On page 201 of Volume XXIV of Pastor's "History of the Popes" there is the following statement: "The strict Bull of Paul IV against those who without being prelates dared to say Mass and hear confessions was confirmed (by Clement VIII)." What class of men does this refer to? I cannot recall any reference to this subject in Pastor's work in that part which treats of the reign of Paul IV.—CLEVELAND, O.

The papal documents that deal with this matter do not furnish any historical details in the way of describing the culprits. One can only deduce from the documents that there were some individuals who boldly attempted to perform the most sacred offices of a priest, without having been ordained to that Order. The present law is that anyone not promoted to the priestly order who simulates the celebration of Mass and the hearing of sacramental confessions *ipso facto* incurs excommunication, which is reserved to the Holy See. (Canon 2322.)

Church and Science: Evolution and Religion

(1) *Would you please explain the Catholic Church's position in the controversy between religion and science; e.g., the Church's views on such matters as evolution?* (2) *How would one refute a statement like the following: "As the human race developed physically and intellectually, its forms of religion also underwent definite changes. The human race is now mature; it is ready to cast off that comforting faith that was suited to the childlike mind, which sought satisfaction rather than truth."* (3) *Please furnish a list of books and pamphlets written for laymen explaining the Church's past and present views on such scientific matters.*—PLAINSVILLE, O.

(1) We do not know of any controversy between the Catholic Church and Science. The Church maintains that there can be no conflict between the truths of faith and science in themselves, since the truths of one order cannot contradict the truths of another order. Truth is one and indivisible. Pope Pius XI in his *Motu Proprio* organizing the Pontifical Academy of Sciences said: "Science, which is the true knowledge of things, never is repugnant to the truths of the Catholic Faith." But there has been conflict between the views of some *scientists* and the doctrines of the Catholic Church. When scientists who are engaged in studying physical phenomena go beyond their evidence and maintain as *facts* what are only guesses, assumptions, and false deductions; and when theologians misinterpret the Holy Scriptures and doctrines of the Church in their relation to scientific facts, misunderstanding and controversy are bound to arise.

What is evolution, and what do scientists say about it? (We assume that you refer to the origin of man.) There is no unanimity among scientists about the problem; consequently there is no question of a controversy between "science" and the Church. The com-

mon Catholic doctrine is that no explanation of man's origin is in accord either with the Bible or reason that does not include the intervention of Almighty God. With regard to the soul, the Church teaches that it was created immediately by God. With regard to the body the Church has not definitively decided whether it, too, was created immediately by God, or whether it evolved from lower forms. She leaves the faithful free to study this question scientifically. If science should ever prove that man's body did in fact evolve from some lower animal form, into which God breathed the human soul, the Church will readily accept this fact, and will interpret the text of Genesis accordingly. But nothing that science has discovered so far has demonstrated that man's bodily evolution is a fact. Hence, the Church insists that the literal, historical meaning of the first three chapters of Genesis may not be called in question.

(2) The statement is notable for its crudity and lack of precision. It smacks of H. G. Wells. From what we can make out of it, it appears to maintain that when the human race becomes mature, it will throw off religion as a caterpillar casts off its cocoon. It is based on the *a priori* assumption that religion is only for the immature, and that it has nothing to do with truth. This is false, and that it is false is clearly shown by the fact that religion has been practiced by all men of all times and places. The universality of religion is a proof that it is necessary to man, whatever be the condition of his education and culture. Plutarch said: "If you traverse the earth you will find cities without walls, letters, laws, homes, property and money; but a city without temples and gods, which does not offer sacrifices to obtain good things and to avert evils, no man has ever seen. It is easier for a city to be built without foundations than for a city to exist and last without religion and the deity."

The obligation of practicing religion does not depend on a man's education but on his rational nature. He is a creature of God; and consequently he must acknowledge that relation of dependence by the worship of his Creator. Man can no more grow out of this relationship of dependence on God than he can evolve out of his skin. The worship of God is a matter of justice, not sentimentality, or culture, or progress. A scheme of education that attempts to do away with justice between man and man is false and pernicious. It is even more pernicious if it aims to abolish the obligations that bind man to God. He does not live in accord with his nature and destiny, unless he observes the precepts of religion.

(3) There is a good list of books dealing with scientific problems, including evolution, in *A Reading List for Catholics*, published by the America Press, New York. Pamphlets on evolution and kindred topics are listed in the *Index to American Catholic Pamphlets*, published by The Catholic Library Service, 125 E. 10 Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Rubrics for Laity

In the March issue of *THE SIGN* you gave the ceremonies of both high and low Masses for the laity. I have been instructed by the Paulist Fathers to kneel during the Credo at a low Mass and to rise during the Credo only at a high Mass. Also, I was told that

I should rise when the Our Father is intoned, kneeling again at the Agnus Dei at a high Mass. In traveling around the United States I have seen these variations of observance in practice at particular churches. It is confusing to get one set of instructions from so good an authority as the Paulists, only to find a different set on your equally good authority. Whom am I to believe? I do not agree that "following general custom" is right. Here in Iron River some glaring errors are made, such as giving Benediction in a purple cope after Mass. No one even stands at the Orations.—IRON RIVER, WIS.

The liturgy is not an exact science. The ceremonies to be observed in celebrating Mass and performing sacred rites are known from the official rubrics of the Church, the decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the teaching of approved authors, custom, etc. The General Rubrics of the Roman Missal are intended for the instruction of the celebrant, the ministers, and the attending clergy. The only reference in the missal (Title 17, N. 2) to the laity refers to their assistance at low Mass. This is to the effect that they should kneel during the entire Mass, except during the reading of the Gospels. Of course, when there is a sermon the laity sit. That is why there are benches to accommodate them. As to standing at the Creed, technically it seems incorrect in the light of the instruction of the General Rubrics of the Missal, but, since De Herdt says the rubric is not preceptive but only directive, it is better to conform to the local custom. After all, whether one stands or kneels is not a very important matter.

The General Rubrics have no instructions for the laity attending high Mass. Liturgical authors usually suggest that they conform themselves to the actions of the clergy who assist in the sanctuary. But if there are no clergy to follow, which will be the case in most churches, writers of prayer books in a desire to be helpful give directions that appear to them correct, in the absence of preceptive rules emanating from authority. There may be differences in these directions, but they are in minor details. It appears to be more advisable to conform with what the majority does, rather than be like the soldier who boasted that he was the only one in step.

Rubrics not being an exact science, the laity easily fall into mistakes about them. Thus, with reference to the color of the cope for Benediction, Wuest-Mullaney (*Matters Liturgical*, n. 382) say: "The color of the vestments of the celebrant and sacred ministers shall be white. But if benediction or a procession of the Blessed Sacrament follows immediately upon the Mass or Office, so that the celebrant does not retire from the altar and the benediction . . . is not regarded as a function entirely distinct and separate, the same color, i.e., that of the Mass or Office may be retained, provided it be not black. The veil, however, must always be white."

Female Pope!

(1) Was there ever a female pope? When I denied there ever was a woman pope of the Catholic Church, my friends asked for some proof. Kindly cite, if possible, some non-Catholic authorities on this question. (2)

Have you ever heard of an organization called *Our Lady of the Highway*? If so, kindly publish their address—WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) Father Thurston, S.J., in his excellent book, *No Popery*, Chapters on Anti-Papal Prejudice, quotes several non-Catholic authorities which reject the myth of a female Pope. Following are a few. In *The Encyclopedia Britannica* (1929, Vol. XIII, p. 71) Joan (that is supposed to have been her name) is declared to have been "a mythical female pope." In the *New International Encyclopedia* (New York, 1919, Vol. XIII, p. 123), we are told that "the unhistorical character of this story is now universally admitted." *Chamber's Encyclopedia* (Edinburgh, 1925, Vol. VI, p. 343), in a relatively long article, describes Joan as "a fabulous personage, long said to have filled the papal chair as John VIII." The best-known German encyclopedias, *Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon* (1897, Vol. IX, p. 590), and *Brockhaus' Konversations-Lexikon* (1902, Vol. IX, p. 965), both designate the story as *Sage und Fabel*, and are both eager to assure us that "the Protestant Blondel in 1657 first demonstrated its unhistorical character." *La Grande Encyclopedie* (Paris, 1895, Vol. XXI, p. 100), declares that "the baselessness of the legend is no longer disputed by anyone."

(2) We have no information about this society, nor have we ever heard of it.

Nostradamus

Would you kindly give me information about a man called Nostradamus, who lived in the early centuries, and is being featured in theaters here as a prophet. I would like to know if his prophecies are authentic.—SCRANTON, PA.

Michel de Notredame (Nostradamus), a Frenchman of Jewish descent, was born in 1503 and died in 1566. He was court astrologer of Catherine de' Medici, who made astrology popular in France. He also practiced as a physician and was said to have wrought marvelous cures. He later claimed to have the power of reading the future and in 1550 began to write his mystic prophecies. They may be genuine, that is, written by him; but a genuine document is not the same thing as a document containing the truth. Father Thurston, S.J., lists him among the great imposters of history. (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. VII, p. 100; *New International Encyclopedia*, Vol. XIV.)

Beads of Five Sacred Wounds

We have received a large number of inquiries about the Beads of the Five Sacred Wounds, which are proper to the Passionists and which have the explicit approval of the Holy See.

A leaflet describing the beads, the manner of reciting them, and the indulgences attached, may be had by sending your request in a stamped, self-addressed envelope. We can supply orders for larger quantities at the rate of ten cents a dozen.

The beads or chaplet may also be had for twenty-five cents. They will be blessed with the indulgences before being mailed.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words.

The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

"STRIFE AND THE WORKER"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I forget how many years our family has been reading *THE SIGN*, and we'd hate to miss it. In fact, personally, I find much more "meat" therein than in any of the other magazines I read.

However, I can't go along with the article "Strife and the Worker," by Dr. John F. Cronin, S.S. In recent years labor has received more benefits than ever before in its history. And how have the laborers profited by their unaccustomed affluence? By demanding more and more and by taking advantage of situations to achieve their demands, which if taken by others, such as our draftees, would be considered treason.

What have they done with their unions? They have turned them into organizations to protect them in their demands whether fair or unfair. They have sought shelter under the NLRB which has been proved to be more than a biased board: biased for the worker and against the employer. The same goes for the Wagner Act.

To most, the new Mediation Board, subservient to the NLRB, is simply another New Deal sop to assuage the indignation of those who rightly blame it, not only for labor conditions, but for the worst general conditions the U.S.A. has ever labored under.

The men who work for the proprietor of one of the largest electrical businesses in this city make more than he does. He offered to turn the business over to them, but did they accept? Not at all. That would be too hard. They prefer that he take all the risks, while they get paid by him. Incidentally, if he doesn't like their work, and justifiably so, can he fire them? Well, maybe. But they don't worry because they know he will have to take them back whatever they have done. And then pay them for time lost!

Why doesn't labor rise up and clean out its own house? Labor knows who is guilty. But always it must be the "other fellow" who is supposed to do this or that for labor.

DENVER, COLORADO

LEON V. ALMIRALL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Father Cronin's recent article, "Strife and the Worker," on labor and the defense program, is the best I have yet seen on that subject, and both he and *THE SIGN* are to be heartily congratulated on it. The facts the author presents are all too little known, and it is about time something was done about it. With

so much beating of the anti-labor drum going on, it is essential to safeguard our industrial democracy. Father Cronin's article is a splendid weapon for combating those who would beat down our labor movement and reduce the American worker to vassalage.

While I am unfamiliar with the circulation statistics of *THE SIGN*, I am sure that at best it reaches only a relatively small portion of our population. To remedy this situation, especially with regard to this vital message of Father Cronin's, might I suggest the reprinting of the article by *THE SIGN* for general distribution?

CORONA, L. I., N. Y.

THOMAS A. DENT

Editor's Note: Reprints of the article, "Strife and the Worker," are now available. They may be obtained from Seminary Book Store, 600 North Paca Street, Baltimore, Md., at \$1.50 per hundred, \$12.00 per thousand. Postage extra.

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

THE SIGN scores again. Father Cronin's article in the April issue entitled "Strife and the Worker" was a much-needed antidote for the poisonous propaganda being circulated in the secular press concerning the influence of Communists and other fifth columnists in the labor troubles today. As he implies in his article, the real fifth columnists are the newspaper columnists who by their anti-labor bias are dividing the country into two camps—capital and labor—as they were never divided before. Until the newspaper and the radio begin to present the labor case as it is instead of as capital says it is, the cleavage will continue with disastrous results for the unity of the nation.

It is my opinion that articles of this kind will serve to win workingmen over to a sympathetic attitude toward the Papal teachings on the relations that should exist between capital and labor. Certainly these articles are convincing evidence that the Church not only passively recognizes the rights of workers but will also fight for those rights against the tide of resentment and animosity being stirred up against the labor movement on all sides. Independent thinkers and authorities on labor problems of the stamp of Father Cronin can do much to stem that tide and give its energies intelligent direction.

LATROBE, PA.

CHRISTOPHER FULLMAN, O.S.B.

PARTICIPATION IN EUROPEAN WAR

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

For the past six or seven months, your magazine has been very disappointing. Your editorials, "Current Fact and Comment," and the various articles dealing with the war, present exactly the same views as those held by the secular press. How you can condone either Britain's war against Germany or the Administration's step-by-step course toward actual involvement in war is beyond me.

What good do you think American participation in war abroad will accomplish, anyway? It will result in the destruction of our own republican form of government, place a burden on the American taxpayer that not even generations to come will see the end of, and send thousands upon thousands of American boys either to their deaths or to untold misery for the rest

of their lives. For what? For democracy, civilization, and Christianity, as we are supposed to believe? No, a thousand times, no. Britain is not fighting for any of these ideals. Consider the friendship that both Britain and the United States profess for Russia, and that should be answer enough. Britain fights today, however, as she has always fought in the past, a strictly economic war, the golden calf's war of imperialism, trying to maintain the balance of power in Europe in her favor. She stands for no moral principles despite anything Germany can do.

Granted that Hitler is anti-Christ. That does not mean that this country or Britain is for Christ. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen said recently that when we do not live for Christianity we are not going to die for religion. Furthermore, Britain's so-called democracy is democratic only for those people and in those places where it best suits her empire builders to allow it. The rise of Hitlerism and the Nazis' drive for power, on the other hand, is due chiefly to the fact that Germany was unable to meet her economic needs within the control imposed on the continent by Britain and France. When nations no longer have access to raw materials by peaceful means, they will resort to conquest. A more equal distribution of the world's goods and a capitalism based on Christian principles instead of usury would do much toward eliminating wars and causes of wars.

Personally, I believe that any danger which this country faces is from within more than from without. When a nation calling itself "democratic" completely ignores the wishes, prayers, and hopes of ninety per cent of the people, who do, after all, want to remain at peace, it is time it was realized that there is something rotten, not in Denmark but in America.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

(Miss) V. M. CARDOSO

Editor's Note: *THE SIGN* has never advocated American participation in the war now going on. The editors of *THE SIGN*, together with most other Americans, do however see more hope for this poor world of ours in case of a British victory. What the Nazis have done to the Poles is sufficient to give one a chill of horror at the thought of a Nazi-dominated world.

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Why are not the editors of Catholic publications in the first rank of those who advocate not only all-out aid to Britain but also American intervention in the war in Europe? The Nazis, who control Germany, are the sworn enemies of Christianity. They are more dangerous to the Catholic Church than the Communists, because their methods are subtler and far more effective. There are at present some restraints on their persecution of the Christian religion, but once they are victors and the whole of Europe is under their heel they will launch an attack on the Christian faith such as the world has never seen, not even in the days of Nero. With the press, the radio, education, and even parts of the Christian Church under their domination, with their control of all jobs by which a man can earn a living for himself and his family, with a renewal of their campaign to incriminate or exterminate the Catholic priesthood, the Nazis may succeed in killing the Faith in Europe just as the Vandals and Moslems de-

stroyed it in North Africa, once a Christian region.

England may not be a crusader for the Faith, but whether we like it or not the free practice of the Christian religion in Europe depends on a victory of her armies. Why should not Catholic editors declare this truth openly, even at the risk of being called war-mongers?

CHICAGO, ILL.

ROBERT WALKER

PAN-AMERICAN LITERATURE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the fine work planned for more friendly relations among all the Americas, would it not be well to consider one point: that of giving us North Americans an opportunity to read, in English, some of the notable Ibero-American literature? We know so little of this very old culture. Few if any translations have been made of past or present writings. The drama, the history, the poetry of Pan-America are lost to us because most of us cannot read the originals.

Take the poetry. It has been noted how warm a feeling of brotherhood runs through all of this. For example, there is Ruben Dario's (the poet of Nicaragua) version of the Cid—where the knight meeting a leprous beggar and having no alms to give him, strips off his gauntlet to offer his bare hand. The beggar bursts into tears at this sign of sacrificial fellowship. And the knight then going his way discovers a rose blooming in his palm and a wreath of laurel twining about his helmet.

In *Some Spanish-American Poets*, Alice Stone Blackwell has given us the English of some lovely writings. Let us hope that we will get more and more translations of the thought treasures of all the Southern countries.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

ETHEL KING

NON-CATHOLIC'S APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

This is the first time in my life that I have written to a magazine, but I feel that I must do so. Certain feelings about your magazine have been building up in me for the past few years until now I feel that I shall burst unless I get what I have to say "off my chest." I would also like to state that I am not a Catholic, but I would be proud to be one.

Several years ago I came across THE SIGN, and was well impressed with the material which is covered. My job requires that I travel about the country almost continuously, and in almost every section of the country I have Catholic friends. Almost all of them subscribe to THE SIGN. Therefore, I have a fairly good opportunity to read your magazine on many an occasion. To me it does not seem biased or prejudiced. And you have some mighty big names writing for you. Your "Sign-Post" is invaluable, not only to Catholics, but to non-Catholics—those who would like to know a little more about Catholicism. The Pan-American articles are the best ever. Thorning is colossal, as they say in Hollywood. And mentioning Hollywood reminds me of your stage and movie reviewer.

In all my years of going to the movies and seeing stage shows, I have never come across a more consistently fine reviewer than the one you have. He is

concise, pithy, and has an extraordinarily fine sense of the theater in all its aspects. He is undoubtedly a person who has had an unusually broad experience in the field. I would trust his judgment more than any other reviewer I know of. Several months ago he put the Benny-Allen opus in its place, but I went to see the picture anyway. I agreed with Cotter all the way. In your April issue, your reviewer remarks that Dorothy Lamour doesn't even simulate an actress. Good for him! Where would you find another reviewer with the courage to say what he thinks, and yet to be able to put it over without being bitter. Sometimes I wonder why it is that writers such as Cotter do not write more for the general public so that those who need it most could benefit. Please don't get me wrong. Your magazine is doing a wonderful job, but nevertheless it is still limited in scope. Your fine writers could help disseminate the moral outlook on life by becoming allied with our national weeklies and newspapers, if such a thing is possible.

LANSING, MICHIGAN

JOSEPH NESPERTON

FRIENDSHIP FOR IRELAND AND ENGLAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

During the much-discussed European situation, Ireland comes into the picture in the eyes of Great Britain as holding out against the Empire in her struggle with the Axis powers as far as Ireland's naval bases are concerned. In the name of good common sense, why shouldn't Ireland preserve her neutrality? The British Empire is the very one herself who crushed little Erin for the past seven hundred and fifty years, and as recently as 1916 sent the Black and Tans, the scum of the English prisons, into Ireland to shoot down innocent people who had voted in majority for a Republic which rightfully belongs to them.

After several debates at 10 Downing Street, London, between Prime Minister Lloyd George of Great Britain and Irish statesmen, Ireland was forced to choose a Free State which separated six of her counties from the other twenty-six.

British propaganda has poisoned the minds of people in Ireland and elsewhere for centuries, leading many, who do not interest themselves enough to learn the truth, to believe that Irish uprisings were due to religious differences, and that Erin, being strongly Catholic, would over-rule the Protestant minority. This is definitely untrue, because most of Ireland's famous leaders, such as Robert Emmet, John Mitchell, Charles Stuart Parnell, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolf Tone, Roger Casement, and others, were Protestants and patriots of happy memory whose ideals will always be held aloft by true Irishmen.

The truth is that Britain wants the industrial center of Ireland, which is the North, for shipbuilding and marketing purposes, and will hang on to it at any cost. If Mr. Churchill wants peace in Europe, charity begins at home. Let him take his troops out of the North of Ireland, thus leaving Ireland to settle its own affairs and have a united nation. Then, and not until then, will the epitaph of Robert Emmett be written—and England will find in Ireland a true friend both in peace and in war.

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BOOKS



Pageant of England

By ARTHUR BRYANT

The transition of England from a land of green pastures and furrowed fields to a nation huddled about its mills and smokestacks, is a story of political *laissez faire*, economic cruelty, and a wanton disregard of human rights and needs. Worship of the dollar took the merriment out of England. Grounded upon the political theories of Adam Smith and the Manchester School of economists, the "sanctity of profits and dividends" engendered a disavowal of social obligations. Victorian England abandoned the medieval principle that had once guided her, namely, that "the practice of anti-social activities debased the human soul." She allowed the "profit motive" to supersede "the communal conscience as the ultimate arbiter of national policy." Historically it would appear that "official" England—the servant of its economic leaders—was wont to sacrifice moral principle to maintain or obtain material advantage.

The author is to be commended in that he goes to the very core of England's chronic malady and depicts a nation pulling away from its ethical moorings. Perhaps he is too apologetic for England's past sins and too hopeful for a spiritual regeneration after the present world conflict. Again, there are sections in the book that leave the impression that Victorian England, despite its grave industrial maladjustments, was on the whole, a contented and happy land. Britishers pointed with pride to increased wealth, expanding markets, and far-flung colonies. But paradoxically, while a certain few individuals were the wealthiest in the world, a great portion of the nation comprised the world's poorest!

This well-written volume is a challenge both to those who wish to

present only the "merry" side of England, and to those who doubt whether England, after the present conflict, will have a more Christian and far-sighted sense of values. It deserves the attention of the thinking man.

Harper and Brothers, New York. \$3.50

Woodrow Wilson: The Fifteenth Point

By DAVID LOTH

Mr. Loth writes a very readable and well-balanced story of the life of America's World War President. It is particularly timely at present when so many of the problems that face us are similar to those he was called upon to solve.

The author tells in a sympathetic but not uncritical manner the story of Woodrow Wilson, the boy, the student, the young lawyer, the teacher, the university president, Governor, and finally Chief Executive of the United States. It is impossible to treat exhaustively so vast a subject within the covers of one volume, and Mr. Loth is wise in devoting a large part of the book to Wilson's political philosophy, especially as it was exemplified in his efforts for domestic reform and world peace.

The chapters of the book that will be found most significant are those which deal with Wilson's part in the making of the Versailles Treaty. They form an excellent, if necessarily brief, account of the discussions which resulted in the formulation of this document. Today one cannot help wondering what might have been had Wilson's ideas prevailed in the Paris conferences that made the peace treaty, and if the United States had not been the first to begin the work of destroying the League which he had hoped would be the instrument for the preservation of world peace.

Millions at one time pinned their

hopes for peace, not on the Fourteen Points, great as they were, but on a Fifteenth Point: the character of Woodrow Wilson. That they were doomed to disappointment is a story of tragedy—of tragedy to the world as well as to Woodrow Wilson. It has long been fashionable to ridicule the impractical idealism of Wilson. Perhaps the world is now on the way to a realization that the idealism of Wilson would have been better than the realism of those whose ideas prevailed.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.00

Democracy's Second Chance

By GEORGE BOYLE

In one of the most thought-provoking books of the year, Mr. Boyle offers his solution for the ills of democracy and particularly democracy in America. The problem, as he sees it, lies in the centralization of the people in urban centers and the solution rests in decentralization.

His theory might be called a highly intelligent back-to-the-land movement. He pleads persuasively for a correct understanding of culture, and a consequent revision of present-day standards of culture. Give the rural populace a sense of their dignity and a true appreciation of the real culture that belongs to those who do creative work and we shall not have the difficulty of keeping our rural people on the farm.

An excellent point that the author makes clearly is that workers in industry more easily become materialistic in their outlook and consequently are easier victims for Godless "isms." On the contrary, those who are on farms and constantly in touch with daily miracles of growth scarcely ever lose sight of some Supreme Being.

In conjunction with his back-to-the-land movement, Mr. Boyle advocates the foundation of co-operatives and credit unions to insure the rural

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folk of a fair and adequate return from their work and their investment. The co-operative and credit union movements are no longer theories; they are established facts and their usefulness has been fully proven even here in our own country. It seems impossible for economists any longer to ignore the importance of these great sources of social justice. This book should be read by everyone who is interested in the financial and social betterment of our country.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00

Life, Liberty, and Property

By ALFRED WINSLOW JONES

Life, Liberty, and Property, by Alfred Winslow Jones, is a significant study of class-consciousness; it attempts to determine whether the economic class distinctions that are characteristic of American industrial life, are accompanied by corresponding differences of outlook.

The investigation reported by the author revolved about the views on corporate property held by Americans of various walks of life, and was conducted in Akron, Ohio. The first portion of the book is devoted to a short history of Akron, and emphasis is placed on the rise of industrial conflict. The latter portion is an account of interviews with some seventeen hundred of the town's citizens, drawn from a wide variety of economic groupings—the clergy, businessmen, farmers, teachers, C.I.O. workers, and the like. Their opinions on the test-problem were revealed by their reactions to a series of seven factual situations involving conflict between property rights and personal rights. An eighth question required them to indicate how they would distribute the profits of a modern American corporation. The results were scored and the figures show in each case the individual's attitude toward corporate property.

Mr. Jones is cautious in moving to his conclusions: the attitude toward corporate property is determined to some extent by economic status and yet the general tendency, while favoring personal over property rights, is to adopt a compromise position. Certainly there is none of the violent cleavage of opinion among classes which is characteristic of European society. The

author has performed a real service to the nation in thus initiating a study of fundamental American attitudes.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.50

Central America

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Fiction has painted so unfair a picture of the Middle American republics, that this balanced and informative volume is a timely corrective. No tourist guide, it yet presents so many intriguing facts of the countries under review that anyone about to travel through these lush lands will wish to read first this book which does them such justice.

With no suspicion of cataloguing details the author reveals information about the physical features, the history, government, and natural resources of each Central American country. Little short of amazing is the wealth—some actual, some potential—of these small but individualistic lands. The intimate connection of their banner crops with our daily North American lives, as well as the vital importance of other of their less known products in this time of crisis, is a thread of thought running through all the author's observations.

It is especially gratifying to discover a scientist of Mr. Wilson's acknowledged standing, admitting sincere admiration for the native gifts and traditional heritage of the peoples who are our southern neighbors. An asset to the book is the collection of valuable photographs by Miss Woolcock.

Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3.00

Holding Up the Hills

By LEO R. WARD

As the sub-title of this book indicates, the author is writing more of a place than of people, yet in this case, the two are inseparable. The people are Iowan farmers, chiefly of Irish extraction, among whom the author lived and with whom he still identifies himself; the neighborhood is the Iowan hills, which in this case are not so much supporting as supported by those who deeply love the earth and tenaciously make it the foundation for their lives.

It is the neighborhood which provides unity in this series of sketches, which in themselves maintain no

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continuity of time or of action. They are reflective, almost always serious in tone, slow-paced, unhurried as the earth itself. If the book lacks one thing, it is variety, not so much in subject matter, but in its literary style which follows too closely the "subject first, predicate next" pattern. Undoubtedly the author used it just as deliberately as he chose certain bits of conversation which are reproduced, and it does give the impression of a steady rhythm; but it is a rhythm which needs to be broken more often.

One might characterize *Holding Up The Hills* as the counterpart in literature of the pictorial art of someone like Grant Wood who, using a different artistic medium, handles the same material in much the same unimpassioned manner. Both artists present characters who are "self-possessed and unconquerable," who are "long-enduring and gray and worn, yet hardly ever tiring," people and places which are unforgettably a part of the American scene.

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Thunder from the Left

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph.D.

The aim of this book is to present in simple language and in an objective manner the meaning of Communism and its bearing upon human life and welfare. Dr. O'Brien's argument is one of facts, not theories. He has not relied entirely on what others have testified, but has made personal investigations to get the facts. The depredations of the Com-

munist in Spain occupy most of the space in the book. There is still need to get the true picture of the Spanish civil war because it was, and still is, portrayed by Communists and their friends as a struggle against Fascism by a democratic government and people, whereas it was a valiant defense on the part of patriotic Spaniards of their lives and Christian ideals against an attack by murderous and atheistic Reds directed by Moscow. The many illustrations in the book serve to emphasize the truth of the charges made in the text. In the last chapter Dr. O'Brien deals with the situation in this country and what must be done to stop Red propaganda here. Nothing less than social justice will do it effectively. This book is recommended as a case history of the evils of Communism, a sample of Red principles in action.

Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. \$1.00, paper; \$1.50, cloth

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found for the books that Doran Hurley has been producing. This is less of a novel than his *Monsignor*. That book, of course, was too photographic in style to rank as a novel in the accepted sense of fictional characterization. The present book serves as a sounding board for the views of the most respected non-professional authority on matters ecclesiastical in all Millington, Mrs. Crowley herself.

The Old Parish's arbiter and lay authority has opinions on "planned parenthood," Major Bowes, Fifth Columns and any other current topic you may be interested in. Mrs. Crowley has her own way of expressing the Catholic attitude and it is often powerful.

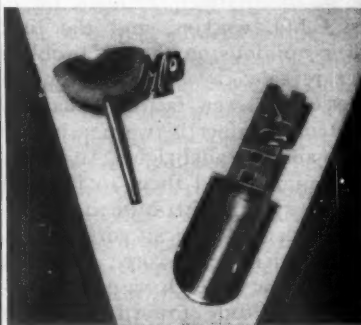
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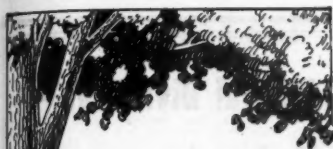
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conditions of the Belgians under the control of the German army; an account based on what the author himself saw and heard. The sufferings and hardships of civilians is the chief topic discussed; and these sufferings and hardships are found chiefly in the intimate details of their daily life. Food is the principal preoccupation of everyone; how much and what will we get to eat is the question constantly in the minds of all the people of occupied territories.

The book is well written and will be interesting to all who are concerned with knowing about the German treatment of an occupied country. There are eighteen illustrations, all photographs taken in Belgium.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. **\$2.75**

He Might Have Saved France

By MARGUERITE JOSEPH-MAGINOT

Translated by Allan Updegraff

Biographers of famous personages have a grave responsibility. They should approach their task in an impartial, judicial manner. Overstatements, statements clouded by prejudice or blinded by affection, can do much to destroy the worth of a biography.

Marguerite Joseph-Maginot offers us the life story of her famous brother, André Maginot. It is unfortunate that she undertook this work, because she loved her brother with a great love and this finds expression in superlatives.

Fortunately, Mlle. Maginot allows her famous brother to describe in his own words his life as a private soldier in the first World War. This section is far and away the best part of the book. It is writing at its best. It is an intensely real and gripping evaluation of war, not as the poets have imagined it, but as a real soldier lived it. He describes his first sight of a dead soldier: "A pitiable thing he was, that dead soldier, whose bloody and crumpled remains were already attracting the flies on that sunny morning. Yes, he was a pitiable, poor thing, and he did not at that moment evoke in us any idea of glory."

André Maginot was a great man and a great Frenchman both in peace and in war. The real value of the present biography is that it serves to make better known one of the truly exceptional men of our age.

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FRANCISCAN STUDIES

The Franciscan Educational Conference announced a short time ago the publication of a new Catholic quarterly review of the sacred and secular sciences, entitled *Franciscan Studies*. The first issue of the publication made its appearance in March. Articles included in this initial issue are a survey of Franciscan studies in the past, a study of Monte Pietatis, famous credit institution, a history of the Franciscans in Paraguay, as well as several other important articles, reviews, and notes on Franciscan activities in the literary and educational fields.

The editorial and publication offices of *Franciscan Studies* are at St. Bonaventure College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.

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Behold, O my soul, thy loving Redeemer, dragged with violence out of the garden. Jesus follows meekly and without resistance. What insults and outrages are heaped upon Him in this journey. They buffet Him, they kick Him, they strike Him.

And what passed in the mind of Jesus as He felt Himself thus trodden under foot? He looks on all this contumely as so many fearful outbreaks of the wrath of God punishing the sins of the world in the person of His sacred Humanity, and He offers it all to His Eternal Father, imploring mercy for all. But He asks for mercy in a special manner for me, as if there were no other sinners in existence besides myself, and I alone had need to be redeemed by Him.

O Thou most meek Lamb of God! I am grieved that I also have trodden Thee underfoot as often as I have sinned. Grant that I may avail myself of Thy Passion to offer to Thee due satisfaction for my sins. I shall mortify my anger, resentment, and spirit of revenge when I meet with any injury or suffer some displeasure. I shall offer my displeasures to Jesus Christ and I shall accept them as a penance for my sins. Ah, my Jesus! enlighten and inflame with Thy love this hard, ungrateful, and rebellious heart of mine.

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All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League, should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of April 1941

Masses heard	11,734
Holy Communions	8,542
Visits to B. Sacrament	23,714
Spiritual Communion	41,787
Benediction Services	3,809
Sacrifices, Sufferings	34,052
Stations of the Cross	4,638
Visits to the Crucifix	14,747
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,215
Offerings of PP. Blood	46,540
Visits to Our Lady	19,699
Rosaries	15,513
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	1,938
Ejaculatory Prayers	902,397
Hours of Study, Reading	11,653
Hours of Labor	20,149
Acts of Charity and Zeal.....	44,580
Prayers, Devotions	213,844
Hours of Silence	16,805
Various Works	23,310

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Rev. Valentine Lehnard, C.P.
Rev. Robert Brennan
Rev. Father Hayden
Rev. Joseph P. Quinlan, C.S.S.R.
Sr. Mary of the Nativity (Googan)
Sr. Mary Thomasita (Kane)
Sr. St. Thomas, S.S.J.
Sr. Mary Remi, B.V.M.
Sr. M. Aloysius
Sr. M. Immaculata, O.S.U.
Catherine McKenna
James Keenan
James A. Mulhern
Arlene Kehoe Kavanaugh
Katherine Rush
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

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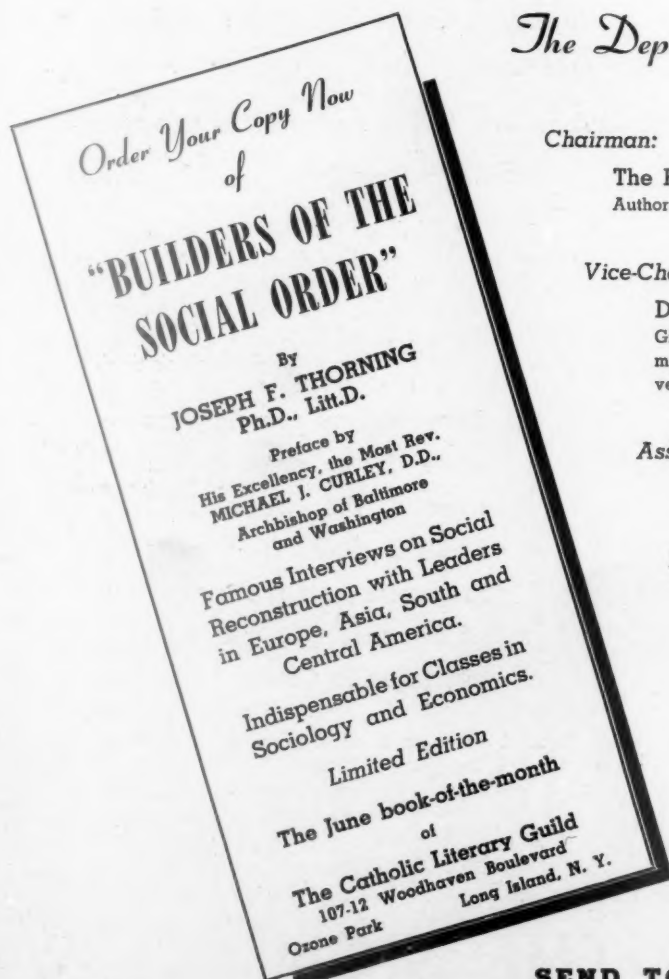
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